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MINISTERIAL WORK.

BY REV. R. P. STEBBINS, D. D.

[The following essay was read before an association of ministers, which will account for its style of address, and is printed as a complement to the article on "Parish Organization" in the last number of the Magazine.]

THE subject assigned me for discussion is, the work of the ministry, or the demands made upon the minister by the present state of the times.

It seems to me that there is no very special or novel demands made upon the Christian minister now or, indeed, at any time. His work is substantially the same at all times,—the same everlasting gospel to preach, the same human nature to address, and, substantially, the same sins to rebuke, the same virtues to encourage, the same sorrows to soothe, the same joys to cherish. Man remains substantially the same, Christianity remains the same, all great, guiding principles of life remain the same. Customs, forms, manners, may change, but they change in accordance with the same fundamental laws; they are the outcome of the same tastes, passions, longings, which have manifested themselves with more or less activity from the beginning. Character rests upon the same everlasting rock as in the beginning. Sin consists of precisely the same elements as at first; and in holiness there has not been detected by the more improved methods of

modern metaphysical chemistry one new property. Ministerial work is substantially the same now as ever. Its methods may change; there may be reason for some modification of methods *now*, but the work is the same,—the inspiration of a true Christian life in the hearts of men, aiding their growth unto the “perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ,” till every child of God shall become “perfect even as their Father which is in heaven is perfect.”

It will, however, do no harm to stir up even our minds, by way of remembrance, and to endeavor to gain some new impulse in the great and responsible work which we are endeavoring to do.

A minister's work naturally falls under two heads,—his work as PASTOR and his work as PREACHER. In both these departments of work his aim is to persuade to the Christian life, and aid Christian growth. The great thing, then, which the minister is to aim to produce is religious interest, and the great means which he is to use to quicken and sustain it is religious work: interest is to be embodied in work, work is to sustain interest, and devout consecration is to inspire both.

It is maintained by some that a lack of deep personal interest in religious subjects and institutions is the crying evil of our denomination at this time; that so far as any marked interest is manifested, it is said that it appears in ambition for fine churches, splendid organs, superior singing, brief and brilliant sermons, genteel and agreeable ministers. This may be true in part, but if it is any comfort to us, we are not alone; it is the fashion of the day. Even our Methodist brethren are lifting the singing from the congregation to the choir, shrinking the choir into the quartette, and the grand old tunes, which literally made the “sounding aisles of the dim woods” ring, and lifted the soul from the gates of despair to the gates of paradise, have disappeared before the billowy demi-semi-quavers of vocal gymnastics; the instruction of professors in sacred rhetoric is taking the place of the descending afflatus, and the thoroughly corrected manu-

script is substituted for the inspiration of the subject and of Heaven. We may have become especially fastidious and cold and unsympathetic. Our religious services may have become entertainments rather than worship. We may have lost more of devotedness than we are willing to own or able to discover, and have been placing our affections on the excellence of the upholstery and the perfectness of the frescoing of our churches, and not on the beauty of holiness and the glory of noble living. This may be true. And it may be true that a soul, deeply moved in view of the evil of sin, and transported with joy in view of the riches of righteousness, will wander away from our churches to one where the words are warmer, the sympathies more abundant, the welcome into a new life more demonstrative. It would not surprise me if such cases should be frequent, for our *manifested* religious zeal is small, it must be admitted. We have allowed ourselves to be driven into the frigid zone by the burning fevers which raged in the torrid. Unwisely, if naturally. Man is too much like a pendulum vibrating between extremes, and mistaking this motion for progress.

Without condemning our present condition as pre-eminently bad or relatively more to be deplored than that of other denominations, I shall assume, as undeniable, that our want, and the want of all denominations, is a deeper and more fervent religious zeal, a more pervasive and inspiring enthusiasm in all that pertains to our Christian institutions and work. Let us, then, first consider what our work as pastors is and how it can be done most effectively.

We should first of all endeavor to put the church on its true foundation; for it is now, in many instances, far, very far off of it. I will not discuss the importance of a church organization as distinct from the society, nor condemn congregations as lacking zeal where such a separate organization does not exist; I speak of churches, where churches now exist, and treat of the pastor's work in them and for them. Now the church is permitted to exist, almost *merely* as a nominal organization. It meets to observe the rite of the

Lord's Supper, and seldom, if ever, at any other time or for any other purpose. The pastor does not make use of it as the central influence, the great power of his work in the parish. It should be so used.

If there are religious people in the congregation, they are some of them, and ought all of them, to be in the church. One reason why so many really devout and active Christians do not unite with the church is because they do not see what is to be gained by it, since it does nothing, has only a name, an existence, not a work, not a living purpose. We must make the church the centre of all enterprise, all activity, all charitable association and work. Then it will be seen that it is not a mere name, a mere organization, doing nothing and serving no Christian purpose, not even of nearer acquaintance and warmer sympathy among the members of it. To this end we must have frequent church-meetings to consider the best interests of the society and the best methods of promoting them, for prayer, for exhortation, for singing, for mutual edification. The pastor should here open his heart and his plans. He should call to his aid the earnest and the devout who now are working without a common direction and method, and are hence frequently thwarting each other's purposes and neutralizing each other's labors. Every member of the church will be strengthened by what the others are doing and accomplishing. The separate individualities which before had no union will organize into one body, feeling one common heart-beat, glowing with the warmth of a common life, strong with the united strength of each and all. Such a body of fifty or a hundred persons, more or fewer, moved by a common impulse, working for a common end, would send life and warmth through the whole society.

The first duty of the pastor seems to be, if these things are so, to infuse life into the church by making it an active, working body, the centre of parish life and power. Nor this only. Every member of the church should be inducted by the pastor into some special branch of the church work, on whom the responsibility should rest of seeing it done well

and promptly. As the pastor cannot attend to everything personally, he must send his personality, so to speak, through others. Others must go for him, speak for him, sympathize for him. All the holy charities of brotherhood should not be given up to organizations outside of the church, and to be administered almost exclusively by hands which have not been clasped in brotherhood around the altar of Christianity. Pastors should educate the church to be watchful helpers of all in distress, sickness, need of all kinds; so that there will be no lack of Christian life as there will be none of Christian work; so that the church will be attractive to all active, aspiring persons, especially to the young, as they will see in it an opportunity to be useful, for which they long in their newly-awakened Christian interest, and will not leave the old altar, because the fires smoulder, for new ones where the flames are high and bright, or for benevolent associations not based on Christianity.

The special measures to be used by pastors to introduce this new condition of the church and its members, I will not attempt to enumerate. They will be different as pastors' tastes and the condition and needs of churches differ. But that this condition of the church should be sought for, and that pastors should give themselves no rest till it is not only attained, but established past all reasonable fear of deterioration, I think cannot be questioned.

Having said all that my space will permit, not all I wish, of the pastor's duty to the church, I will say a few words of his relations to the individuals of his parish, the purpose and character of his pastoral visits. We should not consider ourselves as merely good companions, social callers, with our parishioners. Others can tell good stories, sing pleasant songs, and play skilfully upon an instrument as well as we,—better, very likely. While we should not fail to be companionable in our ordinary intercourse, we should be much more. More wisdom than wit should be on our lips, or else our wit should be wisdom. We are, or ought to be, patterns of Christian manhood,—refined, not finical, courteous, not ob-

sequious, grave, not sad, sedate, not sour, pleasant, not trifling, full of all the amenities and sympathies of social life without its follies or its vanities.

When we visit our parishioners, we ought to have more and better to say than the formal gossip who glides from house to house with the last scandal or the newest rumor. Our chief occupation is not to make ourselves agreeable as news-bearers and story-tellers, but to make ourselves necessary as discreet counsellors and sympathizing friends. I would not counsel that we should so bear ourselves in our calls that as soon as we enter a dwelling the family should lengthen their faces for a sermon; much less would I counsel that every inmate of the house should prepare for a frolic, and await the contents of the "Editor's Drawer" of the last "Harper's," or several pages of the "Volume of Anecdotes."

We shall not much miss the mark, if we remember what our great work is among the people, and how we are to make all our words and acts tell in some way upon the manly Christian growth of all with whom we meet, at home and by the way, as well as in the church and vestry. Tenderness as well as vigor of manner, pureness and propriety of speech, should everywhere be manifested. There is a tendency among ministers to put off what they call the ministerial character or manner, and be *just like other men*. "The man is more than the minister," they say, with a look which indicates that they think they have said something very wise, and justified something very foolish. They are mistaken in both. A minister is not only a man, but a minister in addition. We have taken this ministerial profession as our way of life, our method of doing good, and if we are ashamed of it, the sooner we withdraw from it, the better; for, says the Master, "He who is ashamed of me and my words, of him will the Son of man be ashamed." No manhood is sacrificed in our profession, but our profession is added to our manhood. I do not think wearing a white neckcloth adds to our ministerial influence, or that leaving it off adds to our manhood; but by all means let him who is depending upon

his neckcloth for success in the ministry cast it instantly away, and let him who relies upon securing manhood by not wearing one hasten to wear one. Pastors who are *fussy* about their dress, and are afraid their manhood will go out if they are in a black coat, had better leave pulpit and coat both. I am not maintaining that ministers should wear any peculiar dress, I am only contending that to be fastidious and fussy about it is most unministerial and unmanly of all. Any dress or deportment which makes a minister odd, peculiar, the subject of criticism, as eccentric, queer, whimsical, is forbidden as much by good taste as by the spirit of his profession.

A minister should endeavor to so act and speak as to draw to him those with whom he associates, especially his own parishioners. He should be accessible, easily so, and always so. He should be one of the first, if not the very first, to whom his hearer comes for sympathy, counsel, guidance, in his season of affliction, disappointment, misfortune. Every man, and woman, every boy and girl, should feel sure past a doubt that their minister will rejoice with them in joy, and sorrow with them in their sorrow. Every young man especially should be sure that all his interests and hopes and fears and enterprises and plans will be shared by us, and that he will feel stronger for life's work, and more impregnable to temptation by spending an hour with us, telling us his plans, and hearing our words of caution and encouragement. This genial sympathy for others in our intercourse with them and in their intercourse with us will bless us as well as them. We are in danger of losing some of the freshness and pleasantness of social life by our necessarily frequent calls to minister where trials and bereavements abound. We are liable to take on tones of sadness, and if we do not disfigure our faces, there is danger that our features become mournful and our words sad and our thoughts sombre; we shall appear as if a burden was on our hearts as the shadow deepens on our faces. We should not, indeed, forget and forsake the gravity which befits our high and solemn calling,

but it should be irradiated and made attractive by love, tenderness, and sympathy.

Much has been said of late of ministers laying aside their professional character and associating freely with men of all classes, especially with those outside of church influences, on their own level, becoming, in a sense not intended by Paul, "all things to all men." All attempts to win the respect and elevate the character of such persons by adopting their ways and speech will be worse than wasted. No men have more contempt of a minister who does not respect his profession highly, and himself as his profession requires him to do, than this very class of men. Nor has any class of men a keener sense of what becomes a minister. They distinguish easily enough between pretending and sympathy. They see through all assumed manners to conciliate their good-will, and heartily despise them. They do not like to see a minister, even in the most distant manner, imitating them. They love a minister who is frank, courteous, manly, Christian. They are drawn to a man, and respect him, who is just what his profession requires him to be, without any attempts at disguising it by garment or speech. Hypocrisy, and all that appears like it, they hate with a perfect hatred; and despise no man more than him who is acting a part, being one thing, seeming another. We gain nothing and lose much, everything, by letting down the Christian standard of true ministerial deportment before the thoughtless and irreligious.

The pastor's duty to the lambs of his flock is as pleasant as it is important. He should be eminently the friend of the young. They should feel that he loves them, and rejoice in his presence. His kindness and sympathy in all that interests them will draw them very near to him, and open their hearts to receive all good influences which flow from him. His presence will be welcome to them in their homes, on the streets, in the Sunday-school, and in the church; for they will delight to hear that voice in the pulpit which has greeted them so kindly in the streets and in their homes.

The religious instruction of the young of our congregations, outside of the family, should be under the direction of the pastor. And though he cannot personally teach every child in the Sunday-school, he should direct the *course of instruction*, and give to it such system and direction that, when Sunday-school days are over, a knowledge of the Scriptures and of Christian truth will have been given which will be clear, practical, and influential. Where there is no *course of instruction*, there is very little valuable information obtained, very little influence upon character imparted; and no regular course of instruction is likely to be introduced into the Sunday-school unless by the pastor. While, therefore, he cannot be expected to give the instruction he would have given to the young, he can direct those who do give it, and can, by his own presence and word, occasionally quicken in the children a love of the Sunday-school, and cause them to feel that he has a deep interest in their welfare. The Bible class and the teachers he can teach personally, and from these will go forth an influence to the children and other members of the parish which will be felt, and be beneficial.

It is time, however, that I turn from the PASTORAL work of the minister to that of the PULPIT. I wish to speak of the elements which constitute effective preaching. These pertain to the subject and the preacher; to the former, truth and plainness; to the latter, faith and courage. I will discuss them in this order.

First, then, I say that TRUTH is one of the elements of effective preaching, as necessary to the effectiveness of a sermon as a fine block of marble is to the excellence of a statue. This seems too evident to need any elucidation, and perhaps it would be, were it my purpose to point out any of the particular doctrines which a minister of Christ should preach. These are suggested at once to all who take any interest in the subject, and can hardly have escaped the attention of those who do not. Different sects would name different doctrines as those which were most important to be

announced, sustained, and accepted. We have our special doctrinal views as well as others. But I do not propose to dwell upon these. There is another point on which I propose to dwell as especially demanding attention at this hour, which equally interests all, whatever doctrinal opinions they may entertain or to whatever denomination they may belong, but which demands of us most serious and effective consideration. I refer to the duty and necessity of *preaching Christianity as a revelation from God, as an authoritative communication from Heaven to men, distinct from the revelations of nature, the speculations and philosophies of men, the mere outcome of human nature.* Christian ministers must preach as the ambassadors of Christ, and they must announce his doctrines as the truth of God. They must feel that they are not preaching themselves, preaching out of their own souls, but that they are preaching Christ's truth, which is God's truth. They must assume, and speak upon that assumption, that they are announcers and expounders of God's ordinances. The lofty revelations of Jesus, the words which God gave him to speak, the works which God gave him to do, are not to be brought down to a level with the words and acts of mere common or uncommon men. Philosophy, either falsely or truly, so called, is not to be substituted for Christianity, nor prudential reasons for "thus saith the Lord." And it is only when thus preached that the gospel has power. Christianity cannot be preached when considered only as a collection of wise sayings mixed with some that are unwise, as a collection of truths mixed with much that is false, gathered up from the shadows of antiquity without much regard to order or effectiveness. He who takes any such view of the gospel of Christ cannot *preach* it. He may talk very learnedly and very eloquently about it. He may criticise it with great acuteness, and with amazing stores of erudition, but he cannot *preach* it. Teaching philosophy is not preaching Christianity; nor is preaching *truth* necessarily preaching Christianity. There is a great deal of truth which is not included in what is distinctively Christian as distin-

guished from what pertains to general morals, or other religions, or to the sciences. When Christianity is preached, it is to be preached *as Christ's message from God to men*, and to be received *because* it is such, and *as* such. This message is not to be ranked among the postulates and axioms and commonplaces of the schools. A man may preach truth all his life and yet never preach what is distinctively Christian, never feed his people "with the bread which came down from heaven" so that their hunger is satisfied. He may have given them drink in golden goblets from the springs of philosophy, without furnishing them one drop of the water which springeth up unto everlasting life. Christianity is something more than philosophy, something more than simple truth, and he who confounds them together is mistaking both the message and the messenger. For Christianity is a word from God to the race, and to its truth is added the *life* of the messenger. Christ cannot be separated from Christianity, and thus leave it bare truth, any more than you can separate life from the vine and yet it remain luxuriant, healthy, beautiful, fruitful. The moment the minister ceases to regard his message as an *authority*, he has cast down the crown of his power, and has broken his sceptre. He may admit that he may misinterpret, that he may misunderstand, that his illustrations may be imperfect, his reasonings incorrect, his inferences mistaken, — all this he may admit, but he may *not* admit that the *messenger was mistaken*, or his *message false*. He appeals to Christ as authority; he directs men to study the Gospels as authority, not as they study Plato and Kant.

Some of these great truths of Christianity are distasteful to worldly men, — men, it may be, of great erudition and wide reputation. We may be tempted to omit their annunciation and defence on that account. And there are truths, also, which are distasteful to the thoughtless, the fashionable, persons often of no small influence and occupying imposing, if not important, places in society. We may be tempted to keep back part of the price under such circumstances, and compromise between fashion and truth. The minister must

not yield to any such temptation. These merely beautiful, rational, refined, delicate tastes he must not confound with Christianity. He must not mistake poetic sentiment for devotion, nor genius for inspiration, nor morality for religion, nor obedience to custom for loyalty to God. We must announce that men may have kept all the commandments, in their letter, from their youth up, and yet lack the one thing needful, — respect for the supreme law, obedience to the Supreme Lawgiver.

We are not at liberty to keep back any of the great truths of Christianity because they are disrelished by some of our hearers. We have no choice in the delivery of the message; it must all be delivered. We cannot accept what we will, and omit what we will. The message is not ours; it is Christ's as God taught him, and we are not responsible for the message itself, but only for rightly delivering it. If we fear to announce it as God's revelation to man, then we are unworthy of our office. If we think it unworthy of its origin, or outworn and outgrown, and therefore to be superseded by some work of man's devising, then we are no longer Christ's ministers, but are philosophers and preachers of ourselves. Alas! that any professing to preach Christ should so feel and preach. They are mistaken in their opinions, and have mistaken their calling. There is spirit and power yet in the gospel. It is not a dead letter, nor a withered vine, nor a dry fountain. The words of Jesus are yet truth and life. We must not, therefore, compromise the lofty claim of our holy religion to be from God, and of Jesus to be his messenger, in the vain hope and on the vain plea that it will render Christianity less objectionable to philosophical minds and worldly hearts. We shall fail of our object, for, if we gain their respect, which I doubt, we shall lose our cause, for we have not converted them to Christianity, but have been ourselves converted to unbelief; or, if not converted, then we are worse; we are traitors, have joined Judas instead of cleaving to the Master with John. If we cannot preach Christ lest we shall offend a Jew, who, for some

reason, may have entered our church-door; if we cannot speak of the contemptibleness of hypocrisy and self-conceit because some gilded pharisee has put his cushion in a pew; if we cannot speak of the dreadful wrong sin does the soul lest we shall pain the over-delicate ears of some finical fashionable who rustles along the aisles, we are not the men to bear the everlasting gospel to the world. We must declare the whole counsel of God. And we shall not be in great danger of not doing it, if we bear constantly, everywhere, in mind that it is *God's counsel*, and not man's devices, which we are proclaiming. The moment we forget that the message is God's and think it is ours, then our hearts will fail us, and we shall lose our power. If we are ashamed of the gospel, or doubt its authority, we are unworthy of the name we bear, and incapable of doing the work upon which we have entered.

But a minister must not only announce his message as from God and, therefore, with authority, but he must preach with plainness. He must be plain both in style and address. When the evil-doers leave the church, pricked in the heart and praying, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" when the earnest, consecrated soul leaves the church quickened, strengthened, refreshed; when the sorrowful, the discouraged, the bereaved, leave the church comforted, inspired, consoled, then the word has been with power, rightly divided. But when his hearers leave the church admiring his style, his delivery, his illustrations, his various reading and discursive excursions into the fields of science, exclaiming, "Beautiful!" "Splendid!" "Grand!" "What a voice!" "What an orator!" he has *failed, utterly failed*; — "sounding brass, a tinkling cymbal!" just that, and no more. When the style is complimented, and not the truth received or perceived; when figures of speech and flowers of language have hidden the sword of the Spirit, there is nothing but leaves, husks.

Plainness of style, of address, should be sought for many reasons. It gives no room for idle curiosity, and does not

exalt taste above virtue, or refined ears above firm principles. Many persons who would draw a long breath at the utterance of an unharmonious sentence, or be shocked at a mixed metaphor, would relish giving pain to one who was suspected of having injured them. Many persons who can hear with great satisfaction the old Pharisees belabored in elegantly constructed objurgations would think it very distasteful to speak of the sins of to-day, and especially so of the sinners in the church. Everlasting truths are the theme of the pulpit, and simplicity and godly sincerity are their becoming dress. And he who enters the pulpit to exhibit a specimen of fine writing, or make a display of rhetorical fireworks, is a doomed man. His hearers will despise him as a preacher, and his Master will disown him as his ambassador.

Let me not be misunderstood. I would not have language abused, and the laws of language violated. I only mean that I would not have style cultivated more than sense; I would have truth, not language, receive chief regard. I object only to such a style as attracts attention from what is said to its dress. And if our congregations are becoming more solicitous about the style than about the truth, we must be all the more solicitous not to feed this appetite till it becomes overmastering and universal. We must bring the water of life in an earthen vessel, if the golden goblet attracts attention to its elegant chasing so that the beholder forgets to drink, in admiration of the workmanship. There is another reason for plainness, or for another kind of plainness. It is, that there is a cant phraseology which means nothing, unless that its user has no ideas to communicate. There are foreign and new-fangled words and phrases which puzzle and plague ordinary hearers. We are very apt to catch up the last new coined word of some eccentric author, and toss it to our people the next Sunday to show that we are fully up to the times; and there are some so vain among our hearers as to suppose that what is not understood is magnificent, that what is simply outlandish is erudite. If a preacher has a good style, let him use it; if a poor one, let him cultivate it. But

if his style attracts from his subject or allures from the truth, if it leaves only dim impressions of cathedrals and arches, of moonlit waters and dim forests, of soft night breezes and sunset clouds, of fragrant gardens and meadows of lilies, he will do well to roughen its lines and sharpen its periods. Praising a sermon is one thing, profiting by it is another; and the preacher is tempted to be satisfied with the praise. Paul spoke with great plainness of speech. Kings trembled as he spake. It must be confessed that there is an effeminate taste abroad which craves something besides simplicity, directness, force. We are tempted to lull minds to sleep on the gentle, measured undulations of gracefully turned periods, to the "Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." This taste must not be gratified. The pulpit is not the place for the culture and display of rhetoric, but for the culture and unfolding of truth and righteousness. When the soul is all aglow with truth, all tremulous with a sense of its responsibility in its utterance, there need be little fear that the lips will not answer the heart's demands and the truth's.

So much for what pertains to the MESSAGE, that its delivery may be effective. A word respecting the messenger, the PREACHER. Would he deliver his message effectively, he must have *faith*. This is vital to power, efficiency. If he have faith "like a grain of mustard seed," it will add to the might and warmth of his words. The preacher must believe with all his heart and soul and mind and might and strength in the value of his message, that he may deliver it impressively, else his words will fall like snowflakes on the water. If he have doubts and hesitate, the truth will be without vitality. The evil-doers will not be convicted, the well-doers will not be confirmed. Truth is mighty if truly spoken, but otherwise not; and the minister whose tongue falters and whose heart fails him, when the weightiest truths are on his lips, commits high treason against virtue. Any lurking scepticism respecting the divine origin of Christianity, or the infallible teaching of the messenger, or the reliableness of the record in which his words and deeds are preserved to us,

eats out the source of our strength. If we doubt whether Christianity is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation; whether the world by wisdom, by the mere searchings of the understanding, knew not God, and never would be likely to know him, we shall make small sacrifice and take but a partial interest in proclaiming to men the riches of truth and goodness revealed by Jesus Christ. If we have not faith in the present activity of the great Head of the Church in its affairs, especially if we believe that God has left the truth to work its own way in the world, that no influences of the Holy Spirit now proceed forth from the Father to bless the word, we shall not speak with the assurance of those who already behold the harvest and the sheaves and the heaped threshing floors.

We must also have faith in man. It is not enough to be sure that we sow good seed; we must also be confident that the soil is good. We must believe that man's nature is improvable and enduring, that he may grow into the full stature of Christliness, of godliness, that he will exist when the stars are gone out. We must see the high destiny of man stamped on his erect form and upturned brow. We must realize his peril and his temptation to brave it for momentary gratification or success. We must feel that sin is a terrible wrong, and not a simple mistake; that virtue is a high attainment, and not simple amiableness. We must feel that the virtues of a good man are not simple accumulations of occasional right impulses, but the outgrowth of the soul, the ripe fruit of most constant and careful culture of the soul, and of most refreshing dews and breezes from heaven. We must feel that the sins of the bad man are not mere dust blown upon his spirit by the crosswinds and accidents of life, but that they are leprous spots, indicating the disease of the soul, and which will spread and eat till the centre of life is reached and the soul goes out in rayless darkness, unless the cleansing and renewing power of the everlasting word and Spirit is applied with solicitude and persistency. When we feel this, we shall lift up our voices like trumpets. We shall cry

aloud and spare not; we shall proclaim to the people their sins and perils, and the way of escape from them. We shall not quietly rock them to sleep with our gentle words on the very brink of ruin, charm them into security when the gangrene is just touching the centre of life.

And we must have faith, too, in the power of the glorious promises to reach and comfort and guide the aspiring, the heaven-bound soul. How the word refreshes, revives such! How the weary and foot-sore and heart-sore are roused and cheered, and with what courage they press forward in their journey, "putting a cheerful courage on"! If we have no faith in the superior type of manhood produced by Christian influence, under Christian nurture, we shall not give strength and zeal to bring men under the influence of Christianity. We must believe that the Christian man is the highest type of manhood; that nothing but Christian principles and Christian nurture can lift him to the highest possible attainment of his nature. Then the preacher's face will glow, then his lips will warm, as he announces the gift of the true bread from heaven, and points to the crown and throne of the glorified.

I said that a minister must have *courage* as well as faith. No doubt faith begets courage, for without faith courage is emptied of its strength, and is merely pretentiousness. The preacher must "wax bold," as did the apostles, if he would be heard, if he would have what he says make an impression. Men listen to one who believes what he is saying and says it as if he had faith in its power. The pulpit is the last place for the coward; better put him in the fore-front of the battle. The preacher must not shrink from declaring the "whole counsel of God." He must speak as if he had a message from God, and not as if he was preaching himself. He must not keep back part of the message lest some pews should be deserted, lest some friends should grow cold. I know it is said that a "minister is no more than any other man," and has no right to put on superior airs, and exercise lordship over his fellows. Be it so: he is a vain and unworthy preacher,

if he puts on airs and exercises lordship. Be it so: *he is* no more than any other man, but his *message* is more than any man's message, and his *message*, not himself, is what he preaches; it is this to which he demands assent and obedience. If we preach ourselves, our preaching is vain. If we exalt ourselves, and not our Master, to lordship, we are as wicked as we are presumptuous. We are not responsible for the message, only for its fit and full delivery. We are not our own heralds; "we are ambassadors for Christ, as though *God did beseech*" the people "by us: we pray" them "in *Christ's stead*" to be "reconciled to God." The moment we forget our ambassadorship, we either forget our authority or arrogate to ourselves what belongs only to the Master. "Thus saith the Lord" is the commencement of our message. We do not speak our own words when we speak the most powerful and most comforting words.

This being the case, the preacher must lead his flock in every good word and work. He must say "Come," not "Go." He must show by his own acts that his words have a meaning which touches life, and will inspire life, and direct its currents into the right channels. The desire to keep his place must not be more powerful than his desire to work righteousness; his desire to keep peace must not be greater than his desire to spread the truth. As much as lieth in us, we must be at peace, and do the things which make for peace; but if it does not "lie in us," but in somebody else, to keep the peace, then we are free; and this freedom comes when peace cannot be kept by us unless we betray righteousness, unless we keep back part of the price, withhold part of our message, betray the cause we were set to sustain. We must not seek peace by forsaking the truth. But we must never forget that the truth is to be spoken truly; that principles are to be maintained peacefully, not defiantly; that we are to keep the Master and the message in the foreground, and not ourselves. He who so delivers his message that he gives the impression to the people that he feels that the message is his own, not the Master's, has failed sadly, and will do injury to the cause

of truth as he has done it to himself. The minister's courage, boldness, frankness, must appear to everybody to spring from his confidence in the truth and importance of his message, and not from any self-esteem or self-assurance or self-reliance and personal superiority. Then his strong and hearty and decisive speech will be with power, for it will be without assumption. Our direct and forcible speech should never degenerate into personalities. He who uses the pulpit as a fortress from which to assail private individuals is not a courageous, but an outrageous preacher. While we should rebuke all sins, irrespective of persons, and encourage all virtues, irrespective of persons, we should count ourselves unworthy of our office and opportunity, if we use them for invidious personal instruction and reproof; other times and places are to be sought for those. Christian courage will not become, in a Christian man, either domineering or insulting, and will give power and effectiveness to the word spoken.

Such are the chief elements of effective preaching, — truth, plainness, faith, courage. Truth, the sword with which the great battle of righteousness is to be fought; Plainness, the point thereof, which penetrates to the very heart of error and sin; Faith, which nerves the arm of him who wields it with resistless power; Courage, which carries him into the thickest of the onset, — these are the watchwords of the Lord's host, the inspiring influence of his ministers. Take away Truth, and the sword is gone; remove Plainness, and its point is broken; weaken Faith, and the arm is powerless; abate Courage, and defeat is inevitable; but let them be shouted from rank to rank, let them inspire the soul, and the hosts of sin and Satan will cower and reel and fly before the gleaming weapons and glowing faces and triumphant shout of the faithful.

Brethren, I fear I have weakened the impression I wished to make by the tax I have laid upon your patience. Practising is harder than preaching. Pardon. If I have spoken plainly, it is in accordance with what I have recommended. If I have spoken querulously, it shows how easily one may

violate his own sense of propriety. If I have spoken confidently, it is because I did not speak, but the cause of truth and righteousness was speaking in me. I commend what I have said to your candid consideration.

THE SOUL'S FREEDOM.

THE green grass grows where'er it will,
On earth's wide-peopled floor ;
In valleys low, on lofty hills
That look the valleys o'er.

The river flows, nor feeble man
Its tide directs nor stays ;
But Him from whom the current ran
Forever it obeys.

There is no wind that man can guide,
Nor tell its certain bound ;
Restless the airy currents glide
The earth's wide surface round.

Thou shalt not mark, with narrow walls,
Thine own vast being's scope ;
'Tis farther back than memory calls,
Nor bounded is by hope.

Then fetter not, by human creed,
The symbol of an hour,
The mind that God's own Word has freed,
And his own Spirit's power.

The wind, the tide, the growing grass,
Thy will cannot control ;
Then fix no bounds, it shall not pass,
To the free, living soul.

J. V.

THE COUNTRY MINISTER.

BY MRS. LOUISA J. HALL.

MANY years ago two young men of the senior class in Harvard College stood in the woods of "Sweet Auburn" on a June afternoon, leaning on a fence and looking thoughtfully into a glassy pool below them.

"I cannot feel that my classical education will be wasted if I go into business," said Walter Parsons, "though I am afraid you think so."

"By no means," replied Leonard Gray; "as I told you at first, I am sure it is better for society that every man should have all the knowledge he can get. It would be a pretty state of things if all men must remain ignorant who are not in a profession,—the dark ages again."

"Yes," said Walter, "knowledge of any kind must help a man, let him take what honest work he may."

"And it may help him to help others," added Leonard. "But I wish you could feel differently about *my* choice."

"You may change your mind yet before Commencement."

"You would not think so if you knew how long I have had one desire in my mind by day and night, though I have never spoken of it before, except to my mother."

"What made you so silent about it?"

"I know my unworthiness. That has been the only source of doubt and struggle. But if that were a proper reason for standing back, no humble Christian could enter the profession, and I am sure no other should."

"Well, I will come to confession. Since I began to consider what I should do for a living, as people say (I hate the phrase), sometimes I have thought of the ministry. I have a repugnance to law or medicine; I do not dislike the only other profession in itself; I can imagine the study of theology may be very interesting; but, Leonard, I could not be happy unless I were distinguished,—positively one of the great preachers. My day-dreams used to bring me at one

time into a city pulpit, with a throng of human faces before me all glowing with emotion, every eye riveted upon me, every heart yielding to my, — well, out with it! — to my eloquence. Now you know, and so do I, that I am not gifted with a particle of eloquence. I have rubbed decently enough through college, because I have been ambitious, and determined not to disgrace myself; but I am not one of your geniuses, and I won't be a humdrum, mediocre, half-starved country minister."

Leonard's cheek flushed a little as he answered, sadly, "If that was your feeling on the subject, I am thankful you have decided against the profession."

"You look sorry; now say out that I am even more worldly than you supposed."

"Perhaps I am astonished that you can feel as you do; that is, if you have ever considered for a moment what it is to be a minister of the gospel. But are not you equally surprised at my presumption? You know that I have ranked below you all through college, that my scholarship does not entitle me to a part at Commencement, and that I have no gifts as a speaker. I cannot set off a poor sermon by a fine voice and graceful action. Now what do you think of me?"

"Well, I cannot call you worldly, certainly; but," — Walter hesitated — "I do think you had better go into business. You have about as much capital as I, — not much, to be sure, but enough for a modest start, — with an uncle able and willing to give you a smart shove. And why you choose to be a minister, I cannot see. Have you looked well at the prospect before you?"

"Yes, for it has been taking shape more and more distinctly for months. I expect to get my theological education with great difficulty, — teaching school part of the time, practising the most rigid economy, borrowing books, wearing shabby clothes, and living as I can; for my poor mother, who has helped me through college by her industry, now needs help herself, and my uncle will do nothing for me if I do not go into business."

"Well, Leonard, I could stand all that for a few years if I could anticipate a more brilliant future afterwards, — a large parish, handsome salary, and reputation such as any man has a right to desire. I say it is only proper ambition."

"I cannot agree with you; and I must say I am thankful you have no intention of entering the ministry."

"You look shocked, Leonard; but I cannot help it. Now tell me what is your plan of life."

"The most that I expect in this world is to find a small country parish willing to take a man of moderate abilities for their pastor, whose whole heart is in his work; and among them I hope to grow better myself and help a few others to grow better. There I hope to spend an unpretending life, using what power God has given me with my utmost strength, striving to do some good before I die."

"So you think you have had what people mean by a 'call' to a certain vocation?"

"I think my heart would not be so strongly drawn to this work if God did not mean that I should serve him in this way. And if he had meant that I should serve him more widely, in a large city parish, he would have given me the talent that would command such a sphere."

"Are you not a bit superstitious?"

"I think not. A sudden impulse I might distrust, but the more I meditate on this future, the more I am content with it. If God does not design this for me, he will break it up somehow, and I shall see my way clear in some other direction."

"Downright superstition!"

"No, no, Walter, call it faith! That I can claim without presumption. It is upon that I lean as the only thing which will carry me through this world with any strength or peace. I do believe in a God who is every moment acting upon our lives most lovingly."

"Well, I have always known you were a good fellow, and wondered how we came to be such friends when we were so different. I think you have done me good all through col

lege, and I am grateful for that ; but I can't be like you, can't feel as you do. Of all lives in the world, that of a country parson does seem to me the dullest, the most irksome. And so we had better turn homeward."

Ten years passed, and Leonard Gray was the minister of a very small Unitarian parish in a country village, which supported only one other religious society, and that strictly Orthodox. He had never been asked to preach before a large parish ; he had not reputation enough for "talent" to be even looked upon as a candidate for such vacancies ; but he was not mortified, for his humility was genuine. It is only vanity, usually, that is mortified by neglect. He had even failed to excite much interest in two or three small societies that had tried him ; for his sensible, plain discourses had not been delivered with any graces of elocution, and he had little imagination, no glowing rhetoric ; nor had he yet been warmed to his work by weekly intercourse with live men and women, who, with all their human interests, had shown him their special needs of spiritual help. Undiscouraged, he had resolved, rather than give up the work, to go on foot to the West, preaching as he went, a self-appointed missionary to those who had no preaching at all.

But his day came. One leading man, of little learning, but good judgment, advised his brethren in a quiet little town to vote for Leonard Gray, and in a year from that time he was as much engaged in his work as any city pastor. He saw that *as the field was small, the more faithfully might every inch be tilled* ; and every man, woman, and child in the parish was known to him. He had leisure for study, for writing sermons carefully, and for becoming really acquainted with his people, because his visits were not flying, formal calls, but long enough and frequent enough to establish a confidence and ease that revealed the characters he was to help.

And now, at the end of ten years, he was busy and happy. His mother being dead, he had used his little capital in buying a small homestead, — an old-fashioned, inconvenient house with a vegetable garden and a little pasturage. He had

married a young woman whom he had known from childhood in his native town, a school-teacher, intelligent, amiable, and religious. And on a salary of five hundred a year, he was bringing up a family of three children, having buried one.

It was anniversary week, the season of his annual and only jaunt, and Leonard Gray, in his somewhat rusty black coat, was coming out of a book store in Boston, where he had been having the Barmecide pleasure of examining books he could not buy, — as many a poor minister likes to do, — when a familiar voice saluted him. He looked up, and joyfully shook hands with his old classmate, Walter Parsons, whom he had not met for some years. The two men thus stood and looked at each other a moment.

"Well," said the merchant, "I need not ask if you are well. A good brown cheek and a little color too! Does sermon-writing do that?"

"No," replied Leonard, cheerfully, "it is the garden and the parish visiting. I wish I could return the compliment. You are thinner than you used to be."

"Yes, I suppose so; but I am getting on in the world. Have had some anxious times, am kept pretty close to business; but things go well. I shall be a rich man, if nothing happens."

"You will make good use of your money, if you are what you used to be."

"I hope so; I mean to. I subscribe to three benevolent societies now, and take religious periodicals, and read them, too, on Sundays. By the way, what is your salary?"

"Five hundred."

"Only five hundred dollars a year? How upon earth do you live?"

"Why, with a good vegetable garden and corn patch and pasture for my cow, and with pig and poultry, too, we can't starve, you know; then the good people when they 'kill,' often send us a quarter of lamb, or fore-quarter of mutton."

"But the ready money, the groceries, the clothing? — five hundred dollars wont do all that."

"You would think so, if you saw our table and our wardrobe. My wife has just had her wedding gown dyed for her best dress, and is quite pleased with it. But the College Faculty seem to think our quiet village a good place for rustication, and I have had three young fellows sent to me at different times, which helped us not a little."

"I suppose they went back as bad as ever."

"No; it was a dull time for them at first, but, somehow, they got attached to my wife and me. She is bright, you know, and had a good deal of influence with them, and they had never lived in such an atmosphere before. So they really left us with some different views of life; and I understand the first one we had—a brilliant fellow, if he had had any application—has turned over a new leaf and is studying divinity."

"Well, my boy is a rogue already, only seven years old. He will be sent to college and get rusticated, no doubt," said Mr. Parsons, laughing; "and some ten years hence, I must take care to have him sent to you. His mother is an invalid, and I am a busy man, so he has his own way; not very good for him."

"We shall not take young fellows from college again, for their ways, when they first come, are not desirable, and I have children. My boy is eight years old, and quick of observation."

"But can you afford to do without the pay?"

"I could, rather than put bad examples before him even for a month. But we now take boys; I am fitting sons for college."

"That's tough. Are you really contented with such an"—he was about to say "obscure," but changed it to—"hard-working life?"

"Indeed, I am," replied Gray, with emphasis; "I am evidently in my place, with just as much work as I can do. I work no harder than you do. And when we want anything we cannot have, we conclude that it is best for us not to have it, and so we leave off wanting it."

"Easier said than done, I should think," replied Mr. Parsons. "I wish you could teach others that lesson."

"It can't be taught, friend; it must grow out of faith."

Walter looked as if afraid his old classmate was going to preach, and taking out his watch, said, hastily, "Can't you come and dine with me, Gray?"

"No, I thank you, I am engaged. I wish you would take the stage for our little town some fine day, and try our country fare."

"So I will, before my boy gets rusticated."

They parted smiling, but the merchant looked thoughtful as he went home to his invalid wife and noisy children. The modest man with whom he had exchanged these few words knew not that they had awakened some of the best thoughts about the uses of life which his friend had ever had.

"Leonard can't be much of a preacher," he said to himself, as he went up his doorsteps, "but there is something about him that does a man good, — a moral atmosphere, I suppose I wonder if it is because he is really so full of faith? What is faith? I don't exactly understand all he means by it."

And then his boy sprang upon him in the hall. "Wont you buy me a drum, father?"

"No, no; it will disturb your mother."

"No, it wont. I want a drum. Do get me one!"

"Run away, now; I'll think about it."

Leonard Gray walked on thoughtfully too. "It must be hard fighting out in the great world; anxieties to get on and get up must take hold of a man, if he has not an earnest spirit of prayer. I hope Walter Parsons has a religious wife. He may not sin more than I do, after all. Let me remember that."

The humble Christian had not told Mr. Parsons one secret of his contentment, for he scarcely knew it himself. His preaching might be called commonplace, but it was more earnest and direct every year, and gained power from the life he led before his people. There lay the secret of the good he was quietly doing. Always uncomplaining and cheerful, full

of sympathy with everything that befell his people, judicious in dealing with open sinners, careful in encouraging the young, not hesitating to hold up the perfect life of Christ as that which all were bound to copy, he made piety attractive in his own person, and in ten short years had gained the respect even of the dull and worldly. There was little outward demonstration, but he had a vague consciousness of his influence, and was using it to elevate the aims of life in those about him. He came from his short and rather exciting Boston visit cheered as usual, only to find the routine of his home-life unwontedly disturbed.

THE BELIEF IN DIVINE PROVIDENCE NATURAL TO MAN.

WHEN the enlightened and pious Christian speaks and thinks of God, he considers him as a living Spirit, that has created all things, and is directing all things in wisdom and in love. He sees and adores God in the meanest insect, and the flower by the wayside, as well as in the majestic procession of the celestial bodies around their central suns, and in the more exalted energies and aspirations of the human mind. In his relation to man, the Christian considers God as the Father of his whole human family, who has endowed us with power to know and to pursue the path which leads to eternal happiness, and who has added to our natural endowments a revelation from heaven, and who is constantly watching over each one of us, that whatever we have sown in time we may reap in eternity.

This view of God as the Father of all, which to the Christian seems as natural as the faith of the child in his earthly parents, has nevertheless been considered, by some whom the world has commended for their wisdom, as a delusion, which men could never have believed of themselves, if they had not been educated in this faith by those who either in-

vented or received it in the same way from others. There have been men whose observation of outward events has enabled them to tell the signs of the times, and who, by extending their inquiry into nature, could not help perceiving that all these various and innumerable beings could not exist together and in regular succession, if there was not one universal Power which gives them existence and support in that place which it has assigned to each of them in the universe. Outward events and natural objects, carefully observed and studied, were the steps by which those men ascended to the temple of divine truth. But these facts, though they brought them to the threshold, did not lead them into the sanctuary. The eye, which enables us to observe all that is going on in the bright world without, is not made to observe the hidden operations of the soul; and, in the same manner, the human understanding, when bent altogether upon external objects and events, is not fit to observe the nature of the mind, and to infer from its capacities and wants the great end of its creation, as well as the character of its Creator. A diligent observation of every species of things, from the simplest plant to the brightest star, may teach us that there must be one universal creative and directing Power. But the nature and object of this supreme Power, the true character of God, must remain unknown to the observer and interpreter of outward nature, until he turns his attention to the native powers and tendencies of his own mind. Here, in his own soul, he will find the living evidences of the doctrine of the gospel, that the Power which made the mind cannot be a principle working according to necessary rules, without thought and will; but that the Source of life and mind must itself be a living Spirit, the Father of our souls, as he is the Framer of our bodies.

I have said that this doctrine of the spiritual nature and the paternal character of God, though sometimes denied by men who have attained to high degrees of knowledge concerning external objects, is freely and easily understood by children. It would seem as if the natural dependence of

children on others for supplying their wants rendered them more capable of comprehending the doctrine of an overruling and unfailing Providence. It is true, that commonly they see this providential power in those who are accustomed to supply their wants; but, in cases in which they see themselves entirely deprived of their wonted assistance, they are perhaps less apt than adults to give themselves up to despair, and more ready to call and to rely on an unseen hand to support them. An instance of this kind, in which the belief in an invisible Protector seemed to spring up untaught and spontaneously in the mind of a child, may be found in the following narrative, which is founded on the writer's own experience:

While I resided in Switzerland, I had frequent conversations with a man who, by his writings, had gained great celebrity as a natural historian and philosopher. His character was distinguished by a sincere and enthusiastic love of truth, and by principles of justice which he had maintained under very trying circumstances. But his lofty aspirations after truth were injured by an excessive fondness for ingenious and unprecedented speculations in natural philosophy, and probably by a constant neglect of searching for himself into the records of Christianity, which in his own country were used as an instance of despotism. His mind delighted in contemplating the sovereign harmony in all the works of Nature; but, satisfied with this discovery, he did not attempt to trace the visible evidences of divine perfection to their invisible Author: he mistook Nature itself for the God of Nature. He rejected the Christian view of God, as exercising a parental care over every human being, though he was himself the kind father of two promising children. He thought it his duty to preserve his children from what he considered an erroneous doctrine, taught by Christianity, that there is an invisible Parent who perceives and protects us where no earthly eye and hand can reach us. They were taught that in trouble and danger they had nothing to rely upon but their knowledge of their own powers, and the circumstances, persons, and objects with which they were sur-

rounded, not upon the God that heareth prayer. Prayer was, as the father himself told me, entirely unknown to his children, since he considered it as an unnecessary and unnatural exercise, which would never have been practised among men, if children had not been taught to pray by superstitious parents. His children, he thought, would never go to the clouds, or beyond them, for that help which they could find only in their friends and in themselves.

In all my discussions with this gentleman on the character of the Deity, and our relations to him, I could not help admiring the frankness and candor with which he contested my opinions and defended his own. The same liberality he showed in the following account he gave me of an event which he himself considered as unfavorable to his own views, though not sufficient to convince him of their falsity. He had journeyed for several months with his two children among the Alps of Switzerland. They had ascended together Mount Rigi, to see the sun rising upon the surrounding peaks and glaciers. Whoever has been happy enough to witness this indescribable scene recollects that the sun, rising opposite to the group of snowy heights before you, first clothes them in purple and rosy hues, before he himself is seen in the horizon. This solemn moment, immediately before the rising of the sun, seems an emblem of glories foretokened, yet unseen. It is an eloquent appeal to every pious mind religiously to attend to all the signs and evidences which in the present life speak to us of the wonders of a life to come, of which the bright reality shall rise upon us when the shadows we now call perfect day shall have given way to eternal noon. But the gentleman I speak of, though he enjoyed all the present glory of this inspiring scene, conceived from it no such associations of a prophetic nature.

From Mount Rigi the father went down with his children to take a sail on the Lake of Lucerne. In that part of the lake where it is narrowest and deepest, and presents on both banks nothing but bare and steep walls of rocks rising perpendicularly from the water, they were overtaken by a sudden and violent gale, followed by a thunder-storm. By great

exertion and skill, the boatmen carried the vessel safely along the rocky banks, close to the only landing-place. But here the waves dashed with such violence against the shore that their great and continued efforts to put in the vessel were fruitless, and contributed to render the situation of the passengers still more dangerous. Till then the father had been able to quiet the fears of the two children, by showing them how the skill of the boatmen braved the storm, and carried the vessel unhurt along the steep banks. But now, when the very place which the father had pointed out to them as the end of their anxiety proved a cause of greater danger, the courage of the children began to fail. The eldest of them, a boy of about six years of age, cast his eyes all round, now upon the landing-place, then upon the boatmen, and then upon his father, with cries and looks of supplication and despair. But, when he found nowhere the least appearance of help, he, to the utter surprise of his father, fell upon his knees, raised his arms and hands towards the dark sky, and began to pray aloud to God for rescue, for the forgiveness of his sins, which he enumerated, and with fervent promises to do well, if God would save him, with his father and little sister, from the storm.

The vessel was at last safely brought on shore; and, some months after, the father himself told me this story, which seemed to prove, as he said, that there must be in the nature of man some ground for my Christian superstition. I was then too much moved by the account he gave to make a reply to his observation; and I afterwards supposed, that, by attempting to answer, I could only weaken the impression which the story could not fail to produce in time on the parental heart. But whenever since I reflected how this untaught child, at the moment of need, had found in his own heart an altar for the worship of an unseen Power, which till then was to him an unknown Deity, I felt as if my deepest heart had caught the holy accents of the praying Saviour, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth! that, having hid these things from the wise and prudent, thou hast revealed them unto babes."

C. F.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

A NEW edition of the book bearing this title has recently been published in Boston. It is a reprint of that brought out about half a century since, by Hone in London, and of which a Boston edition of 1832 is now before us. There are other collections of documents thus entitled, in the ancient languages, from the original one by Fabricius to the recent labors of the German scholars, Thilo and Tischendorf; and a new edition in English is briefly noticed in the "Westminster Review" for April of the present year.

No reasonable objection can be made to the publication of these old writings, either in their original form or translated into English. But the collection made by Hone was accompanied by prefaces and remarks, of which the purpose was obvious, — to discredit the Christian Scriptures. The idea was suggested that our religion is founded on a mass of legendary accounts; that of these, some were arbitrarily selected by early church councils or individual leaders, to be preserved with care and honored as the word of God, while the rest, possessing equal claims, were rejected and, as far as possible, put out of sight. Thus speaks the preface to the first edition, reprinted in those which followed: —

"After the writings contained in the New Testament were selected from the numerous Gospels and Epistles then in existence, what became of the books that were rejected by the compilers?"

The utter falsity of this view is discernible on a slight inspection of the evidence afforded by ancient Christian writers. This has been often presented, and was recently given in these pages, in the article by one of the editors, on "The New Portraiture of Jesus." The oldest Christian writers who enter into this subject lived more than a century before the Council of Nice, at which, this author would have us believe, the "selection" was made. The personal knowledge of

several among them would go back a century and a half before that Council. They speak of our present Gospels and other Scriptures as genuine and authentic, and do not thus speak of the documents that are brought forward to compete with them. They speak thus, not referring to any decree of a preceding council, but simply as people mention facts that are well known to themselves and to all around them.

The late Rev. Dr. Lamson, one of our foremost scholars, especially in the department of ecclesiastical history, speaks thus of the edition to which we refer, in an article in the "Christian Examiner" for March, 1833.

"The compiler of the Apocryphal Testament, who is evidently hostile to Christianity, designs to convey the impression that the books now composing our New Testament were arbitrarily selected from a mass of writings possessing the same or similar claims to respect. This is the object of the prefatory notices to the several pieces in constructing which he has drawn largely on Jones ('New and Full Method of settling the Canonical Authority of the New Testament'), often taking from him whole sentences without acknowledgment. But these are so adroitly strung together, with the help of a little coloring, and a dexterous use of the arts of insinuation and suppression, that they can hardly fail to perplex and mislead the unlearned reader. Such disingenuous artifice requires to be exposed. We cannot too strongly protest against its use. It is difficult to believe that any real lover of truth can ever resort to it. Such wisdom cometh not from above."

If the volume was published free from these insidious prefaces and remarks, we should welcome its appearance as an important aid to the evidences of Christianity. Let these old documents be diffused far and wide. Let every candid doubter peruse them, and compare them with the genuine New Testament. We have no fear for the result.

There are portions of this volume, however, which are not properly included under its title. We receive the New Testament as containing the earliest records of Christian history,

and what remains of the writings of its earliest preachers. A collection called *The Apocryphal New Testament* should comprise, then, only such documents as claim a similar character. But the writings ascribed to the "Apostolical Fathers," — Clement, Ignatius, Polycarp, and Hermas, — whether genuine or not, belong to a later period, and should have no place in such a collection. The letter bearing the name of Barnabas has a higher claim, its reputed author having been one of the earliest preachers, and being styled an apostle in Acts xiv. 14. This letter has gained in the opinion of scholars since the discovery that it forms a part of the ancient Sinaitic manuscript. But the internal evidence is against it, as has been well stated by Mr. Norton, in the first volume of his work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels." Of the "Apostolical Fathers" we may speak, perhaps, in another article. At present we will glance in succession at those portions of this book which are more properly classed under the title, "Apocrypha of the New Testament."

The first of these is "The Gospel of the Birth of Mary." This, Dr. Lamson tells us, in the article already referred to, is supposed to have been a forgery by Seleucus or Lucius, a disciple of Marcion, in the second century. It is mentioned by Epiphanius in the fourth century, as "an impudent forgery." It tells us that Joachim and his wife Anna, being without offspring, were comforted by angels, and assured of the birth of a holy child. Mary is born to them, and is marked with especial proofs of divine favor. She is at length to be betrothed, and all the unmarried men of the lineage of David are required to present their rods to the high-priest, that he may know, by a miraculous sign, who is the predestined bridegroom. The aged Joseph at first withdraws his rod, but being called on, presents it again, when the holy dove descends and alights upon it. The narrative ends with the birth of Christ.

The same story is told with variations in the second document, "The Protevangelion," ascribed to the Apostle James the Less, but really as destitute of authority as its predeces-

sor. From this we extract the following account of what Joseph saw when the hour was come for the birth of Jesus.

"As I was going," said Joseph, "I saw the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight. And I looked down towards the earth, and saw a table spread, and working people sitting around it; but their hands were upon the table, and they did not move to eat. They who had meat in their mouths did not eat; they who lifted their hands up to their heads did not draw them back, and they who lifted them up to their mouths did not put anything in; but all their faces were fixed upwards." The sheep and kids were equally motionless, "and the shepherd lifted up his hand to smite them, and his hand continued up."

From this we pass to still greater puerility in "The First Gospel of the Infancy." In Thilo's edition this is given in Arabic, with a Latin translation. It obtained a degree of credit in the East, and appears to have been in the hands of Mahomet and his coadjutors in writing the Koran. It purports to be from "the Book of Joseph the High Priest, called by some Caiaphas," a personage from whom we should not have expected an attestation of miracles wrought by Christ. The first it records is, that the infant Redeemer spoke in his cradle, saying to his mother, "Mary, I am Jesus, the Son of God, that Word which thou didst bring forth according to the declaration of the angel Gabriel to thee, and my Father hath sent me for the salvation of the world." At the arrival of Joseph in Egypt with the child Jesus, an idol announces, "The Unknown God is come hither, who is truly God," and forthwith falls from its pedestal. Passing over a number of legends, some of them too revolting for our pages, we are told, in chapter seven, of "a young man who had been bewitched, and turned into a mule, miraculously cured by Christ being put upon his back, and married to the girl who had been cured of leprosy." We have, in chapter eight, the story of the robbers Titus and Dumachus, as told in Longfellow's "Golden Legends;" in chapter nine, "Two sick children cured by water wherein Christ was washed." In chapter fifteen, is the famous

miracle of the birds made by Jesus of clay, and gifted with life, with the account of wonders wrought in a dyer's shop. We next hear of his assisting Joseph at his trade of a carpenter; not by ordinary labor, but by miraculously changing the size of articles which Joseph had made too small or too large, especially a throne for the king of Jerusalem. Some stories are added which are not without a certain kind of beauty; but these are followed by others as inconsistent with the character of Jesus as with justice and humanity. Jesus appears as the tyrant of his playmates, putting to death by his word a boy who had destroyed his fish-pool, and another who had accidentally run against him. He appears next as the assuming teacher of his teachers, of whom one who attempted to chastise him has his hand withered and dies.

"The Second Gospel of the Infancy," bearing the name of Thomas, contains the repetition of some of these incidents, with some other miracles of the vindictive kind.

The letters between Jesus and Abgarus, king of Edessa, are better conceived than most of these apocryphal writings; so well, indeed, that some authors of note have received them as genuine. The prince invites the great prophet to his city, which, he says, is indeed small, but neat, and large enough for them both; and Jesus declines in words of dignity and kindness. Tradition adds that he presented his picture to Abgarus, and sent his disciple Thaddeus to cure him of his leprosy. In Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," Volume I. page 6, we find an interesting account of Edessa, which he identifies with "Ur of the Chaldees," the birthplace of Abraham. "In Christian times," he says, "it was celebrated as the capital of Abgarus, Agbarus, or Akbar, who received, according to the ancient tradition, the letter and portrait of our Saviour, and thus became the first Christian king." He adds in a note, "A well was shown in Pococke's time ('Travels,' I. 160), in which the messenger, attacked by thieves, dropped the letter, which gave the spring a miraculous character." We hear this story of Abgarus first from Eusebius in the fourth century, who professes to derive it from the public records of

Edessa. It is unfortunate for its credit, however, that, if it were true, it would have been of too much importance to remain so long unknown. It would have been a precedent, given by Jesus himself, settling the great question about the reception of heathens into the Christian Church, and must have been appealed to in such discussions as those of Acts xi. and xv.

We come now to "The Gospel of Nicodemus, formerly called the Acts of Pontius Pilate." This is a romance, which may have been written without the intention of deceiving. It is hard to believe that any one should suppose a tale so utterly at variance with history could deceive any one. According to this account, at the trial of Jesus, numbers of those whom he had miraculously relieved gave evidence in his favor, and the Roman standards bowed before him. After his crucifixion, Joseph of Arimathea, who had been imprisoned, is miraculously delivered; the soldiers and other persons give testimony to the resurrection. The Jewish Council, moved by this, inquire further into the claims they had so decidedly rejected. Charinus and Lenthinus, two young men who had risen from the dead, relate to them what had transpired in the spiritual world at the crucifixion. Their narratives, given in writing, agree in every respect; and after these are completed, the writers vanish. The Jewish priests and rulers, being required by Pilate, search their sacred books, and declare their conviction that Jesus, whom they had crucified, "is Jesus Christ the Son of God, and true and Almighty God." This astonishing confession, which the whole history of the Jewish nation since proves never to have been made, closes the "Gospel of Nicodemus," as translated in the book before us. There is attached to it however, in the Greek copies, as given in Thilo's and Tischendorf's editions, an account of the subsequent fate of Pilate. That magistrate is summoned to Rome, examined before the Emperor, and condemned to death for allowing the crucifixion of Christ. He dies penitent, however, and his head is received by an angel. Another account, equally authentic, forbids us to re-

joice in this eminent convert, but introduces to us another, even more distinguished. According to this, the Emperor in wrath commands Pilate to appear before him. Pilate comes, but has put on the seamless robe of Christ, for which the soldiers had cast lots. Under the charm of this sacred garment the Emperor's wrath melts away, and Pilate is twice graciously received; but the garment being taken from him, the charm is lost, and the Emperor sends him to prison, where the unjust judge takes his own life. It is hard to dispose of the body, on account of the disturbance made by evil spirits wherever it is deposited; but it is finally left in the wild recesses of the Swiss mountains. Tiberius, in the most edifying manner, professes his faith in the Saviour.

The "Gospel of Nicodemus" is followed by the "Apostles' Creed," respecting which, it is sufficient to repeat, from the book before us, the remark of Archbishop Wake: "As it is not likely that, had any such thing as this been done by the apostles, St. Luke would have passed it by, without taking the least notice of it, so the diversity of creeds in the ancient Church, and that not only in expression, but in some whole articles, too, sufficiently shows that the Creed which we call by that name was not composed by the twelve apostles, much less in the same form in which it now is."

"The Epistle of Paul to the Laodiceans" is a letter of nineteen verses, made up of sentences collected from the genuine writings of St. Paul. It is evidently founded on the verse, Col. iv. 16, where reference is made to such an epistle, now lost.

The Epistles purporting to have passed between Paul and Seneca are fourteen in number, and are marked by ceremonious politeness and insignificance. Think of Paul's cautioning Seneca not to put himself in danger of the Emperor's displeasure by speaking in favor of the Christians (chap. viii.), and of his regretting that he had to place his own name before Seneca's in the ordinary Roman method of commencing a letter! (Chap. x.) Seneca, on the other hand, while complimenting his "dearest Paul" on the loftiness and sub-

limity of his sentiments, is somewhat uneasy on the subject of his Latinity !

"The Acts of Paul and Thecla" is a romantic tale, written evidently after the introduction of the false idea of the merit of celibacy. Thecla, a noble lady of Iconium, whose house was next to that in which Paul preached, hears his exhortations and becomes a convert. She in consequence refuses to marry Thamyris, to whom she is betrothed. She undergoes unheard-of persecutions, and is saved by astonishing miracles. Fire will not burn her, nor wild beasts devour her. Released at length, she retires to a desert, where she leads the life of a hermitess. At length, at ninety, she escapes from a danger, not very probable at that age, by the rock opening, and affording her a retreat, closing behind her when she had entered it.

Such are the Apocrypha of the New Testament. Let any one compare them with the genuine records of our faith, and there needs no argument to prove the difference. A gold coin and a copper counterfeit are not more easily distinguished. Let us apply such comparison in some particular instances.

Among the stories of the "Infancy" select the best; not the revolting legends of cures wrought with baby-clothes or washing water, nor those of childish anger armed with divine power, but such as that of Jesus changing his playmates into sportive kids, and then restoring them to their proper forms; and compare this, pretty as it is in its way, with the single beautiful incident recorded of his childhood by Luke, — that, in his eagerness to learn, he stayed over-long in the temple, in company with gray-headed teachers of the law. We see at once which is more worthy of the future prophet, and of that God who grants miraculous power only for the greatest and most serious purposes.

Compare the trial of Jesus before Pilate according to the "Gospel of Nicodemus" with the same trial according to the "Gospel of John." In the one, Pilate confuses himself with Herod (vi. 23), and sentences the prisoner in the face of miracles, partly reported in evidence, and partly witnessed with his

own eyes. In the other, there is no confusion of history, and no testimony is given in favor of the prisoner, save that of his own innocent and glorious aspect. The obscure but suggestive words of Pilate in the genuine Gospel, "What is truth?" are in the false one dilated into a vapid conversation.

Compare the false "Epistle to the Laodiceans" with the genuine "Epistle to the Colossians." The one is borrowed, every sentence of it, from the writings of Paul. The other, strongly as it resembles that to the Ephesians, has yet its own distinctive character. Read the beautiful third chapter, beginning, "If ye, then, be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God;" and, if you can, believe with Baur, that "Colossians" is as spurious as "Laodiceans."

Compare, again, "The Acts of Paul and Thecla" with the "Acts of the Apostles." In the one, the morality is false, the great principle of Christianity being made to consist in a monastic asceticism; the miracles are of the most overwhelming kind, yet heathen judges and people witness a succession of them before they cease from their persecuting rage. In the other, our dealing is with human beings; the morality is pure and healthy; and the miracles which are recorded occur at wide intervals, as signs and encouragements, indeed, but not as public subversions of the order of nature.

The modern school of scepticism would have us believe that the books of the New Testament were made up of legendary accounts, gathered at random by persons who knew not what was true and what was false. Our answer is, we have such accounts; here they are; behold them, and see their emptiness! If the Fourth Gospel were what you tell us, it would be like the "Gospels of the Infancy," or the "Gospel of Nicodemus." If Christianity were what you suppose, its instructions would be as void of all moral worth as its records would be full of silly stories and extravagant miracles. But the early Church committed no such folly as to receive these forged accounts as of equal value with the true. Far as we

can trace back towards the very earliest period, the Church proclaimed, by the voice of Irenæus, of Origen, and of a host of others, that it received as canonical and authentic the New Testament substantially as it is now in the hands of every Christian believer.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him." — *Psalmist*.

My soul is sick of earth, now storm-clouds lower, —
Sick of its cares, its gilded misery,
And heavy seem the burdens of the hour,
And rough the waves of Time's dark, surging sea.

But hark ! a voice from out the sky is heard,
An angel whisper, breathing innerly, —
"Oh, soul ! be still, and speak no murmuring word ;
God's love eternal watcheth over thee.

"Thy way seems dark, thy future is obscured,
And trials must be met on either hand ;
Lo ! clouds and darkness are around thy God,
If in the shadow thou dost near him stand.

"Trust thou in Him and if the human shrink
And fail and falter, — for the flesh is weak, —
Let the divine be strong, draw near the brink,
Nor fear to launch whene'er thy God shall speak.

"Safe o'er the tossing waves he'll pilot thee,
With love unchanging, purpose high and sure,
Till thou no more baptized in clouds shall be,
And heaven's glad sunshine cheers thee evermore."

AN APPEAL TO MEN.

A SERMON BY REV. J. H. MORISON, D. D.

I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say. — 1 COR. X. 15.

I WISH to speak this morning of the claims of our religion on men. The soul, indeed, in all those faculties and wants through which religion addresses itself to it, knows no distinction of sex. When it is cut off from religion, it is alike without hope and without God in the world, whether it be the soul of man or woman. So the soul, that is strengthened by faith, filled with a divine love, exercising itself in the loftiest virtues and graces of our religion, so far lives amid thoughts, affections, and moral qualities which do not necessarily take any cognizance of sex. In what is holiest and highest in our nature man and woman are the same. They kneel before the same altar conscious of the same wants, and go away renewed and strengthened by the same divine assistance and support.

But there are peculiarities growing out of physical temperament and social condition. Men and women have each their peculiar susceptibilities, exposures, means of influence, and calls to duty. Religion has its peculiar claims on both.

I am not sure that there is more a want of reverence among men than among women. I am not sure that there is less respect for religion or less faith among men than among women. But there is a greater reserve in the expression of religious feeling, less self-devotion, and, growing out of it, a greater unwillingness to be prominent in connection with the church. Strong-minded, practical men with less simplicity of heart than women, have a special dread of anything approaching to hypocrisy or cant. They see that loud professions in the church are sometimes no security against dishonesty in the street, and they shrink from placing themselves in such a position that their shortcomings shall by any contingency bring reproach on their religion. As David was not allowed to build the temple, lest the thought of him, a man of strife

and blood, should be unfavorable to the peaceful and sacred associations of the place, so men who are earnestly engaged in the business and contests of the world, fear to identify themselves with the ordinances of our religion, lest the remembrance of what they have been doing in other places through the week should, in the minds of some around them, disturb the sacred and affecting associations of the church.

Again, there are no persons so impatient of talk *about* things as strong-minded business men. Jeremy Taylor tells us that, "when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamus, heard the old Xenocrates disputing about wisdom, he asked very soberly, 'If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring concerning wisdom, what time will he have to make use of it?'" I often feel the applicability of this shrewd and cutting question to our pulpit exercises, and to the professional disputing, inquiring, and exhorting about religion that we hear. Nothing can be more practical, or more directly to the point than the precepts of our faith. But they are so much talked about, so diluted, illustrated, spread out, argued over, commented upon, and followed up by applications and improvements, — this everlasting preaching *about* the gospel so uses up our time without allowing us to reach its inner temple and take up its sanctities into our hearts, that practical, business men sometimes feel as if the whole thing were wanting in reality. There is too much talk, too little vital, effective power.

A third reason why this class of men are unwilling to come forward in the matter of religion, is a peculiar shyness in the expression of their most delicate and sacred feelings. They shrink from any act which would seem to expose to man that which they hold sacred to the eye of God alone. They meditate on religious subjects, on life, death, eternity, and all the divine hopes and sanctions that are thrown around them. They think of religion as the mysterious and hallowed relation in which they stand to the Almighty. They pray in the privacy of their own souls, but would be appalled at the thought of having this solemn act of consecration to God brought before the eye of man. Especially do they dread that senti-

mental religion which vents itself in words and professions, and makes itself conspicuous before men.

And, therefore, it often happens that men who hold our religion in the highest reverence make no profession of their faith, and seem to live in the community as if they had no interest in the subject. Many of our strong-minded, educated, practical men occupy this position and their example, so far as it is seen, goes to discourage the religious zeal of the young, and practically to throw the weight of their authority on the side of the worldly and irreligious. From their intelligence, their weight of character, and the general purity and uprightness of their lives, they have great influence in society, especially upon the young, and, so far as religion is concerned, that influence is one to dishearten and unnerve those who are laboring most zealously in the cause. They occupy a high place, and in their apparent indifference, are like mountains which, lifting up their summits into regions of eternal ice, send down their bleak winds through all the neighboring valleys to check and stint what would otherwise be an early and luxuriant growth.

Now, on precisely this class of men our religion has peculiar claims. They stand out as representing the practical intelligence of the community. What they believe and practise comes with great force, especially to the young. If they seem to disregard the divine authority and ordinances of our religion, the natural inference will be that our religion is not adapted to the wants of intelligent men. The impression will prevail more and more that Christianity, though suited to weak-minded, effeminate, and sickly persons, is hardly the thing for strong-minded, healthy, practical men. Young men especially will begin to take this view. And with this weight of authority practically against them, it will be exceedingly difficult for those whose lives are spent in teaching religion and enforcing its demands to get a hearing with the young, or induce them to pay the subject any portion of that attention which its importance demands. "These men," they say, "do not seem to care much about it. We cannot expect to be

better than they are. Why, then, should we regard it? If these wise, clear-headed, intelligent men attach so little importance to it, why should we spend our time upon it? As to ministers, it is their business to preach. We do not expect to be preachers." And so they throw the whole matter aside. And men who wish well to the cause, who are deeply impressed with a sense of the solemnity and supreme interest of religious things, indirectly and unintentionally weaken the hold of religion on the minds of the young, and lessen its influence and its authority in the community. Is this right? "I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say." Is this the sort of influence that you are willing to exercise on those who look up to you for direction and guidance? You, of course, do not mean to produce this effect. But is it not the natural result of the position which you hold? And is it the influence which you are willing to think of yourselves as exercising?

The time has been when almost all intelligent, right-minded, leading men in the community were active members of the church, and the combined weight of their lives was on the side of religion. Why should it not be so now? If a man believes in Christianity, and would make its precepts the guide of his life, why should he not throw the weight of his influence on that side? Why should he not *appear* to be that which he really is, — a believer and a follower of Christ?

If there are those who dishonor their professions by their acts, why will not you adorn the religion you profess by the consistency and fidelity of your lives? Because others betray their Master, will you, therefore, leave him exposed to shame, and make their treachery a reason for your desertion? If you see one whom you love and honor injured and betrayed by those who profess themselves his friends, is that a reason why you should refuse to stand by him as his friend? Because they are unfaithful, must you, therefore, hold yourself aloof, lest you should be thought unfaithful too? Surely, this is not the reasoning by which wise men justify their conduct in other things.

So in respect to the practical character of our religion ; if you find among those who profess to be Christians too much talk and too little action, it devolves on you, as strong-minded, practical men, to exhibit a more effective type of Christianity. Indeed, here is just what is needed to give its true efficiency and power to our religion. It should be at once a support to the weak, which it is, and a guide to the strong, which it is your office to make it. It should enter into all the finest affections and give additional sweetness and softness to the gentlest of human sensibilities, as it does, and at the same time it should enlighten the clearest understanding, and confirm the most manly virtues, which it is your part to have it do. And where so well, as in the very class that I am addressing, can this noble work be done ? It should not only lead the timid, trembling ones by the hand through the perils of life and on to the throne of the divine love, but by the strength of a divine purpose, and a principle firm as the will of the Almighty, it should give new intrepidity and courage to the bravest hearts ; and where even they would otherwise shrink as from a hopeless enterprise, lead them on conquering and to conquer.

It may seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that strong-minded, practical, intelligent men,—those who in the common affairs of life are wholly without fear or discouragement,—are often the most timid and the most easily disheartened in respect to any great moral or religious enterprise. They need more of faith,—more of that faith in God and the right which is strengthened by religious fidelity,—in order that they may be *men* of true hearts and unflinching courage. There are men of gentle natures, there are women of the most delicate, shrinking susceptibilities, who, in any great moral or religious enterprise, have more magnanimity, more fearlessness, more true manly courage, than most of our practical, intelligent men. They often undertake and carry through what most men of this other class regard as perfectly hopeless.

You need, then,—I speak as to wise men, and, therefore,

with greater freedom, — you need more religious faith in order to keep up in you the noble instinct of courage which is so essential to all manliness of character. Moral cowardice is the vice of our age, and especially of our intelligent, practical men. Want of confidence in what is right, and of the determination to adhere to it and carry it through whatever may come, is too often the fatal infirmity of our ablest men. It falls as a blight on all their noblest virtues. It takes the blood out of their hearts. They are honorable, just, ready in common emergencies; but when a great principle is at stake, and everything should be risked in its behalf, when the true test of manhood is forced upon them by trying emergencies, then, too often, they hesitate, they count the cost, till they can think of nothing else; they turn about for some expedient by which the danger may be escaped, and yet the principle not obviously sacrificed. They adhere practically to the degrading maxim — the sentiment of cowards — that discretion is the better part of valor; while in all such conflicts the true maxim is that valor is the better part of discretion. They resort to compromises which no man ever yet in moral matters subjected himself to without a serious loss of his true nobility and manhood. More faith in God and less in human expedients; more faith in the principles of eternal rectitude, and less in the shifting subterfuges of fear and cowardice, would show a higher wisdom, a nobler courage, and in the end a grander success. And nothing but our religion can give this faith.

Here, then, in building up a brave and manly character, our religion, which fears only God, and not what man can do, is especially needed by the class whom I am addressing. They need it, too, on account of the high motives, the great thoughts, the noble views of life which it presents. The difficulty with strong-minded, practical men is that they are accustomed to look at things mainly in their material and temporary relations. They are bound down to their daily routine of cares. Within its limits they grow shrewd and enterprising. But, after all, this round of business is a small

sphere within which to confine the faculties of a being like man. Let a high Christian motive come in to guide him in all his labors, and it at once gives a heavenly dignity to his employment. It lifts him out of the rut of his daily cares. Let some great thought pertaining to his immortal being come and dwell as a royal guest in his bosom, and it enlarges all his views of life and gives a princely bearing to all his conduct. Cut a man off from a sense of his immortality and his allegiance to God, and you rob him of his manhood. Let him live along, buried in worldly cares, hiding himself from his God, shutting his eyes to the great and solemn realities of life, and he becomes,—as too many of our wise and prudent men are,—a mean and cowardly slave. Like Adam, when he had lost his innocence, he trembles at the voice of his Creator, and fears to meet him in his accustomed walks. He grows narrow and grovelling. He is no longer the noble being whom God created in his own image, and in whom Christ would renew the divine image that he had lost. He needs the enlargement which comes from a religious faith, and the strength and elevation of a religious purpose. Our true nobility of soul can be attained only by religious thought and fidelity.

Surely, it is something for one bowed down, as most of us are, by the petty cares of life, to be permitted to look out on the sea and sky, with all their magnificence of change and glory, as part of the provision which God has made for the unfolding here of high and immortal desires. Surely, it is something to be able to meditate, as Christ teaches us to do, on our own immortality, on the divine and heavenly results issuing from the lowliest earthly condition, on the glorious consummation of our purest and grandest desires in the great spiritual realities which lie before us in our heavenly experience.

Who with the heart and soul of a man would allow himself to be cut off in this world from these high sources of inspiration, hope, and life? And there is a loftier presence still. We may come, as one of the greatest of our race has

said, "in devout prayer to that Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and who sendeth out his cherubim with fire from his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleaseth." If it is a great privilege to be admitted to habits of daily communion with the purest and most gifted minds on earth, how much more must it be a privilege to come into actual communion with that mysterious and awful Spirit who enfolds us in his love, and imparts to us, as we are ready to receive, of his own divine and eternal life! If anything can enrich the inward life of man, if anything can lift him up and make him a great and holy being, it is his personal intercourse with Him who is the source of all life; to whom be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.

"To seek God," says St. Augustine, "is to desire happiness; and to find him, is that happiness."

Our life on this earth is only so far happy as it has a resemblance to that we shall enjoy in heaven, and becomes, as it were, an earnest of it; that is, when it is employed in pure and sincere piety, in obedience to the will of God, and an ambition to promote his glory, till we arrive at that happy state, where our hunger and thirst shall be abundantly satisfied, and yet our appetites never cloyed.

For it is evident that man, in this life, becomes so much the more perfect and happy, in proportion as he has his mind and affections more thoroughly conformed to the pattern of that most blessed and perfect life.

WE are all in quest of one thing, but almost all of us out of the right road; therefore, to be sure, the longer and the more swiftly we move in a wrong path, the further we depart from the object of our desires: and if it is so, we can speak or think of nothing more proper and seasonable than of inquiring about the only right way, whereby we may all come "to see the bright fountain of goodness."

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

A FEW months ago, a paper was read by Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, to an assembly held in St. James' Rectory, London, and afterwards was published in "Fraser's Magazine." It was entitled "The Theology of the Nineteenth Century," and sets forth the views of the Broad Church. The London "Christian Observer" has published a reply to this paper, and its minute details seem worthy of a *jeu d'esprit* of Dean Swift. We give the leading idea in the following extract:—

"Any inquirer has a right to ask of us, 'Is there a Theology which properly belongs to the Nineteenth Century? and, if so, where shall I find it?' And our answer is, 'You must seek for it in the most widely-read religious writings of the time.'

"We say, and surely with obvious truth, that the prevailing theology of any age is to be sought for in the chief writings of the times. Not in its heresies,—for we do not admit Arianism to have been 'the theology of the time of Athanasius,' or Pelagianism to have been 'the theology of the days of Augustine,'—but in those works which lived, were generally read, and almost universally accepted both by the teachers and by the learners of the day. Let us ask, then, what has been the prevailing theological literature of the nineteenth century?

"About the beginning of the century, a hard-working and earnest student, named Thomas Scott, devoted himself to the task of Bible exposition. He spent about twenty years on his Commentary, completing it in 1821. The sale of that book, in six huge volumes, during the last thirty or forty years, has amounted to at least fifty thousand copies in England, and twice that number in America. We set down this as one fact, worthy to be noticed in the present inquiry.

"A second fact of some moment illustrates our statement, that the theology of our time is only a faithful following of the theology of St. Paul, Augustine, Luther, and Cranmer. About twelve years ago, a resolution was taken to produce, in a voluminous and costly series, the theological writings of the English Reformers. The whole series was a large and expensive one; but the subscribers to it were some seven or eight thousand. About the same time, nearly four thousand copies were issued and purchased of 'Fave's Acts and Monuments.'

"But let us return to the general character of the theological literature of the time. Again we say that most of the works which have given a character to the age have been works which followed St. Paul and Augustine and Luther and Hooker. Take, for instance, Mr. Bridge's book on the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and the useful volumes issued by Mr. Bickersteth. Of the exposition of Psalm cxix., we believe more than 60,000 copies have been sold; and of Mr. Bickersteth's treatises, about 120,000 or 130,000. More recently, a popular narrative, well known to our readers, entitled 'Ministering Children,' announces its 'eighty-fifth thousand' in about ten years. And, only within the last year or two, we have seen Mr. Oxenden's 'Pathway of Safety' and Dr. Bonar's 'God's Way of Peace' each circulating at the rate of ten or twenty thousand copies per annum.

"Dean Stanley will doubtless reply that this is not what he calls 'Theology,' and that such writers as we have named do not advance the 'science' one step, but content themselves with treading, over and over again, the old round of 'popular theology,' leaving all difficulties just where they found them. We accept the distinction; but we remind Dr. Stanley that St. Paul most explicitly and firmly rejects 'the wisdom of this world,' anathematizes the introduction of any new gospel, warns us against 'the oppositions of science, falsely so called,' and declares that 'it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.' It is that same foolishness or simplicity of preaching, which now moves the world, from Madagascar to the Rocky Mountains; while 'the knowledge of German theological speculation and research,' upon which Dr. Stanley places so much reliance, never changed one heart yet, and never will."

Of course, no one can doubt now that Martin Farquhar Tupper is the poet of the nineteenth century, and John S. C. Abbot its historian, and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., its novelist.

The priestly vestments, for which the ritualists affect such fondness, are sometimes represented as of great antiquity, descending in the Church from primitive clerical usage, and, as some have said, handed down from the Flamens of old Roman worship. An article in the "Edinburgh Review" disposes of this foolish claim after the following fashion:—

"They have not the slightest tincture of Flamen or priests in their whole descent. They are the dresses of the Syrian peasant

or the Roman gentleman, retained by the clergy when they had been left off by the rest of society, just as the bishops long preserved the last relics of the flowing wigs of the time of Charles II., as the bluecoat boys recall the common dress of children under Edward VI., as Quakers maintain the sober costume of the Commonwealth, as a clergyman's bands, which have been regarded as symbolical of the cloven tongues, of the two Testaments, of the two tables of the law, are but the remains of the turn-down collars of the time of James I. Their very names bear witness to the fact that there was originally no outward distinction whatever between clergy and laity. They thus strike, if they have any historical significance at all, at the root of the vast hierarchical system of which they are now made the badges and ornaments. The 'alb' is but the white shirt or tunic, still kept up in the white dress of the Pope, which used to be worn by every peasant next his skin, and in southern countries was often his only garment. A variety of it, introduced by the Emperors Commodus and Heliogabalus, with long sleeves, was from the country whence they brought it, called the Dalmatica. The 'pall' is the pallium, the woollen cloak, generally the mark of philosophers, wrapped round the shirt like a plaid or shawl. The overcoat, in the days of the Roman Empire, as in ours, was constantly changing its fashion and its name; and the slang designations by which it was known have been perpetuated in the ecclesiastical vocabulary, and are now used with bated breath, as if speaking of things too sacred to be mentioned. One such overcoat was the *cape*, or *copè*, also called *pluviale*, the 'water-proof.' Another was the *chasuble*, or *casula*, 'the little house,' as the Roman laborer called the smock frock in which he shut himself up when out at work in bad weather. Another was the *caracalla*, or *caraca*, or *casaca*, 'the cassock,' brought by the Emperor, who derived his own surname from it, when he introduced it from France. | 'The surplice' is the barbarous garment, the 'over-fur' (*superpellicium*), only used in the North, where it was drawn over the skins of beasts in which our German and Celtic ancestors were clothed. It was the common garb — 'the white coat' (*cotta candens*) — worn by the regular clergy, not only in church, but in ordinary life. In the oldest Roman mosaic, that in the Church of Sta. Pudentiana, of the fourth century, the apostles are represented in the common classical costume of the age. No thought had entered the mind of

the Church, even at that time, of investing even the most sacred personage with any other than ordinary dresses."

"The Protestant Churchman" has the following earnest editorial on the present situation of the Episcopal Church:—

"The Protestant Episcopal Church is rapidly approaching that period when the question of her true character and mission must be squarely met and fully decided. The days of the double front are nearly ended. Would to God this issue had never been forced upon us. But since it has come, let the blood of the impending conflict be upon the heads of those who have invaded the sacred domain of the truth. We look forward in calm confidence, for we are well assured that God is with us. It is impossible,—and none know this better than the innovators themselves,—it is impossible 'for two to walk together, except they be agreed.' It is preposterous to suppose that the sacramental and evangelical systems can be worked by the same machinery unless the former is quiescent. *It* has been tolerated in much forbearance and long-suffering, but presuming overmuch upon the 'charity' that 'suffereth long and is kind,' it has at length unmasked its features and up-reared its form, and we are now gazing with amazement upon its audacity. We write deliberately and advisedly, and now make our appeal to those who are draping our holy shrines in the gaudy habiliments of Rome, and who, by press and pulpit, are seeking to charge the common mind with the doctrines against which our Fathers indignantly protested centuries ago; we appeal in the name of God and the Church and the truth of the gospel; we invoke them to pause in their wild invasion, and calmly consider the double fact, that they are not only professedly Christian and Protestant, but sworn supporters of the standards of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We fervently pray that bishops and priests may heed the notes of warning which are now coming up from so many quarters. And we turn to the noble laity of our Church, and ask them to investigate the great question before us, and prepare for that fast-approaching hour when we shall insist upon a reaffirmation of the truths set forth in our evangelical standards. Never, as now, has there been such need of *prayer*, of *study*, of *counsel*, and of *action*."

The "Journal of Commerce" has an article on the suggestiveness of old hymns. Three persons are represented as conversing together in a library, and their talk goes on as follows:—

"THE DOCTOR. — An old hymn is a great thing. What voices have sung it! An old hymn-book is suggestive. What emotion it bears record of! I'm not much of a literary man, and when I get an hour's leisure from the pains and sufferings that occupy my life, I very often find rest in reading old hymns. It is only once in a great while that I have a sensation. I've almost outgrown sensations. When I was fifty years old, I thought it over, and concluded that my profession had worn out the sensational possibilities of my soul. But an old hymn to an old tune convinced me I was mistaken. Last Sunday morning I was driving on my morning round, mind intent on a case of surgery that had kept me up all night. I was passing a Presbyterian church, in some street, when I heard a strain of familiar music, and I pulled up short, just in time to catch the last words of a verse in the hymn they were singing. Why, Philip, they speak of the war-horse starting at the sound of the trumpet; so my old heart started at the sound of that hymn and music.

"PHILLIPS. — I understand you. Once I was walking listlessly of a Sunday afternoon through the narrow streets of Cairo, the heart of the Orient to this day, as in the days of the caliphs. I came accidentally near the house where some Scotch missionaries reside, and where they and their families were holding service. Out on the strange atmosphere of the old city, whose every stone and lattice, and whose very sky were mysterious, old, and incomprehensible, floated with perfect distinctness the words of an old hymn. In an instant I was carried away to the old church in the up-country village, and I leaned against the wall of a house, and thought and thought and thought, till the misty condition of my eyes reminded me where I was. And that wasn't half so powerful a sensation as I had some months later. I never knew a more tempestuous night, for a starry one, than I had in Upper Egypt, when a fierce gale carried my boat through the pass at *Hagar Silsilis*. About nine o'clock in the evening, I was standing on deck, watching the stars, and listening to the rush of the boat through the brown Nile, swinging and swaying her great sail as she dashed along. Suddenly I caught on the wind the strain of an old tune, and I saw that we were passing a boat which lay near the shore. There were Americans on board, and the very words of the hymn came clearly to our ear, or else I imagined them. Either way, it was a startling interruption to the wildness of the scene. My

Arabs were as heedless of it as of the wind. They lay on deck, wrapped up in their bournouses, slumbering heavily. The Nubian pilot stood firm at the helm. But to me the sound was like the voice of an angel. What I saw, in the next moment's imagination, it would take hours to tell. We think swiftly. The vision was one of exceeding beauty and peace, — such peace! Do you remember Deacon Stuart, Joe?

“STEENBURGER (*waking from a doze*). — Deacon Stuart! What — here? Good heavens, Phil! I thought he was in glory forty years ago.

“PHILLIPS. — Not quite so long, as we count time in this slow world. But twenty-five years ago they buried the good man, then full eighty-five years old, and ripe for heaven. No, he is not coming here to-night, Joe; but if he didn't come to my Nile boat that night with his granddaughter Kate, then all I can say is that I had a powerful imagination. Don't you remember when she died? I was a boy. She was the prettiest girl in the whole congregation, — older than I was by some five years; but I used to look at her in church, and wonder if anything more beautiful was ever seen in any age or land. When I read of Helen and Cleopatra and Lucretia, and all the beauties of old times, it was always with the notion that each one, blonde or brunette, must have looked like Katie Stuart. She died very suddenly. One Sunday morning the church was unusually full; for there had been two deaths in the previous week, and a funeral sermon was expected. The day was bitterly cold. The thermometer was twenty degrees below zero all day. I remember how much emotion was visible in the church; for the deaths had been those of young persons very much loved, and there had been a story that one of them, a fine fellow, but long failing, had loved Katie Stuart very dearly. Whether she knew it or not, no one could say. But when the minister had finished a touching sermon, leaving young and old in tears, and gave out the hymn to sing, it was hard to sing it. The precentor got along tolerably well till he came to the beginning of a verse where he found almost no one to help him, and he sung the first three or four notes with only two or three voices accompanying him, and then he broke down with a sort of sob. Then — I can hear it now, — how delicious, how glorious it was! — Katie Stuart's voice, clear as a bird's, floated up, as if she was inspired, and the very atmosphere was filled with its melody as she sung, —

“I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise;
Oh for some heavenly notes to bear
My passions to the skies!”

“It was five miles from the church to the deacon’s farm. The old man drove, and Katie sat wrapped in buffalo robes by his side in the sleigh. I remember the black horses well. I owned them afterward. When they started, I was looking at her face. I had watched her from the close of the service. She spoke to no one, but went directly to the sleigh, quietly let her grandfather wrap the robes around her, remained silent, and the horses went off at a bound. What the deacon thought of all the way home, no one can imagine; but when he reached home, Katie had gone far away. She was sitting wrapped in the robes, with a smiling face, but cold and calm and dead in the sleigh. That hymn was her last utterance in our language, which, make it as passionate as we may, does not, cannot remotely imitate the songs they sing up yonder.”

The Rev. Pastor Athanase Coquerel, the eloquent liberal preacher of Paris, in his book called “Practical Observations on Preaching,” published in Paris, in 1861, but never, we believe, translated into English, gives many instructive anecdotes, gathered in the course of his long and eminent ministry of fifty-four years. He says that in the second half of the last century there was a celebrated preacher in Amsterdam, J. Courtonne by name, who appeared at the court of the Prince of Orange at the Hague. Distinguished alike for his eloquence and his great freedom of speech, he was soon surrounded by the followers of the Stadtholder, who pressed him to preach the following Sunday. He at first declined their invitation, which was renewed and urged with great eagerness, till at length he consented to enter the pulpit on the two conditions that the court should be present, and that no one should take offence at his freedom of address. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, all the nobility were present, and the preacher did not fall below his reputation for eccentricity and boldness. He took for his subject the interview of Philip with the officer of the Queen of Ethiopia, as recorded in the eighth chapter of the Acts. He announced the divisions of his discourse in the following manner: I find, said he, in this history, four subjects of astonishment, each one of which surpasses its predecessor. 1st, That a courtier should be found reading the Holy

Scriptures ; 2d, That a courtier should avow his ignorance ; 3d, That a courtier should seek instruction of a minister of the gospel ; 4th, That a courtier should be converted. Coquerel adds, that the signal defect of this arrangement of the subject is that it is too witty. He gives an illustration from one of his own sermons to show that extreme art in the arrangement of topics sometimes destroys the good effect of a discourse. It was a sermon on the reply of the apostles to the question of their Master, "Whom do men say that I am?" They answered, "Some say thou art John the Baptist, others Elias, others Jeremias, or some of the prophets." The intention was to show that Jesus was still misunderstood in each of these ways, some taking him for an ascetic like John, others believing him to be an enthusiast like Elias, others, a patriot like Jeremiah, while others stop in the vague notion that he was a mere religious reformer like some of the prophets. Coquerel says he never labored a sermon so much, and yet it was unsuccessful, both at Paris and at Nimes, where he also preached it. What was useful and good in each part taken separately, was lost, he says, in the oratorical artifices necessary to carry on the parallels.

The "New York Observer" has the following sensible article on *funerals* :—

"There are many objectionable practices connected with funeral ceremonies. In large cities the noise and parade with which some of them are attended are out of taste. The custom of having them upon the Sabbath, when it would be equally convenient, and far more suitable, to select some other day of the week ; the indiscriminate panegyrics pronounced upon the dead ; and the calls made upon the time and labor of several clergymen, when one could, with propriety and sufficiency, discharge the duties of the occasion ; the forgetfulness of the friends of the deceased to make any acknowledgment of ministerial service, and similar sins of omission and of commission, are common both in city and country.

"We have had our attention called, by several correspondents, of late, to the extravagance of funerals ; and there seems to be some degree of justice in their strictures. A physician, who was commissioned to convey the remains of a gentleman, dying suddenly in this city, to his home in New England, informs us that he was obliged to pay nearly three hundred dollars to the under-

taker, for his services and attendance, before the coffin was placed in the train for transportation. Another writes that in a country town, where it was formerly customary to provide with simplicity and economy for the last repose of the body, while the neighbors bore it on a bier to the churchyard, now it has become the 'fashion' to send to a city, ten or twelve miles distant, for a showy burial-case, a hearse, and carriages, and the usual accompaniments of a metropolitan funeral. In cities, the simplest funerals are often heavy burdens upon families in moderate circumstances, and the 'items' of the undertaker's bill, which delicacy and propriety forbid the bereaved from disputing, swell the amount to serious proportions."

In the chapel of the Michigan University, its President, Dr. E. O. Haven, preached on the "Inspiration of the Bible," the students of the university having requested him to take up that subject. The sermon has since been printed, and we take from it the following extract:—

"But what do we mean by inspiration? Do we mean that every passage in the Holy Scriptures was dictated from the lips of the Holy One, in the exact words which we have, and is precisely true in all proper senses, or in some one sense more easily entertained? Were the human writers thereof merely writers, and God the real author of every word?

"There are some who maintain this, and the arguments for their doctrine are not easily overthrown.

"But it should be remembered that God's great written revelation was by slow degrees, and at long intervals, given to man. It should be studied in its own light. It should not be forgotten that God accommodated his instructions to the people, and to the age often, in which they were given, and that many of the earlier revelations are absorbed into or superseded by the late revelations.

"There was a glory that in a sense has 'passed away,' by reason of the greater glory that remaineth. It should be remembered that, acting through the human mind, inspiration uses a finite instrument necessarily imperfect, and employs language, metaphor, parable, and other illustrations, necessarily indefinite, and that will and must be construed differently by different persons. It should be remembered that, much of it being history, which served only as a sort of scaffolding for the truth, it is not the history

itself that we should study so much as the truth supported and developed in the history. It should be remembered that many of its laws, usages, and ceremonies were temporary, and were only a pedagogue or 'schoolmaster to lead to Christ.'

"Wherefore, the wisest critics and most devout men of culture and piety recognize different degrees of inspiration. There are words that are diamonds shining in the dark, and from which the light of God is never absent,—nay, like stars, glowing with their own divine brilliancy. There are others, like coals, that once glowed, but have been followed by other and later fuel.

"By the inspiration of the Bible, I mean that there is not a chapter in it which God did not give to accomplish its own good end, in his economy; but there are passages in it outgrown by later and broader truth. On account of 'the hardness of their hearts' the ancient peoples who received the Bible, including the very men who wrote the ancient Scriptures, were allowed to live in violation of some of the holiest principles of rectitude, which they did not understand; and to them were given laws that were not intrinsically good, and many of their best thoughts and expressions have been eclipsed by the brighter light of the perfect day of Christ.

"That was a noble argument of Bishop Butler, by which he demonstrated the reasonableness of the great doctrines of Christianity, by showing that the inherent difficulties of the Bible doctrines are paralleled by equally great and inherent difficulties in nature. The argument is capable of expansion, and, perhaps, has never been completely developed.

"The Bible is perfectly parallel with nature. Both have the same author. Each bears the impress of the same hand. Both volumes are written in the same style. By nature, we mean that part of the universe revealed to our finite minds in this little inconsiderable corner of the universe, and by the Bible, that Book of God written for us in this small planet. In other departments of the grand universe, nature may reveal some other laws, and a Bible for immortals there may be written in another style. Here, nature has certain laws, or certain modes of operating, and God binds himself by them in his workings. So human nature has its laws, and God accommodates himself to them in his supernatural revelations. The consequence is, in both, certain results that to weak minds at first seem to be imperfections, but are only

necessary accommodations. In nature there are superfluities, wastes, defects, repetitions, obstructions, experiments, failures; and out of all, promise of a grand, sublime, perfect totality of success. Is any mountain, river, lake, or ocean absolutely perfect in itself? Is any instinct absolutely perfect? Does not every little contemptible finite critic imagine that he could have made a better world in some respects than this one, or at least suggested some improvements, if he had been consulted on the day before 'the beginning,' when 'God created the heavens and the earth'? And yet, if his taste had been consulted, and he had omitted some dismal cove, left out some wild desert, prevented some tornado, excluded some pestilence-creating miasma, dropped out of the plan rattlesnakes and vermin, would he have made a better world? Might not that little *improvement* have destroyed the physical balance of things, and unhinged the machinery of the universe? So, too, could this little critic, like a frog swollen with self-conceit, have been consulted, he would have made what he thinks would be a better Bible! He would have dropped out all those hard stories of crime and folly. Abraham should not have been afraid of the Egyptians, and resorted to something like a falsehood. Jacob should not have been a deceiver. David should not have fallen. Solomon should not have loved strange women, and made use, therefore, of some strange expressions. Paul should not have written some things 'hard to be understood;' and the Apocalypse of John should have been as lucid as the multiplication-table! And the Bible, in such a case, would have been as great a failure as a world without its rough places and unfathomable mysteries.

"No, friends, it does not become you and me to criticise God's works in this temper, — either natural or spiritual. Actually we do not know enough. We might as well confess our incapacity here. We were not made to create worlds or write Bibles. We can only study them after they are made, and we find many hard places in both. They abound in rocks and caverns and strange developments; but, thank God! both are infinite in wisdom. They are both sublime, inconceivable, immeasurable embodiments of God's wisdom, power, and love. The most lamentable sight under the heavens is to see the students of the one contending against the students of the other. Neither, alone, can be well understood. They are complements of each other. They are the

two grand hemispheres of God's perfect globe of infinite wisdom."

In a late number of the "Universalist Quarterly," there is an article entitled "Death and Glory," the object of which is to show that sin adheres only to our physical nature, and that when that is laid aside, all souls will be pure and happy. The Rev. Dr. T. J. Sawyer, one of the ablest clergymen in the Universalist denomination, publishes a reply to this article in the "Repository." We have been so pleased with his wholesome words that we have cut out the following extract:—

"Our author seems to assume that all sin is necessarily connected with the *body*, and naturally grows out of it. Spiritual beings, he tells us, cannot sin. Those who have passed out of this world are not to sin, simply because they are separated from the body, and removed from a state of being such as the present. Death is to gain them exemption from this evil.

"Now, I do not know what others may think, but to me this seems a very short-sighted and shabby account of the matter; and if I were to sit in judgment on the subject, I should decide that it was the *man* and not his *body*, *mind* and not *matter*, that is chiefly in fault. The body may be the occasion and the instrument of sin, but it is the soul that receives the law and is held accountable for its violation.

"Besides, it would please me to be informed why 'spiritual beings cannot sin.' Are they not moral beings? Are they not under law, and consequently responsible? And can we conceive of a moral nature, law, and responsibility where sin is absolutely impossible? Shall we, when we have passed into the future world, be greater or better than the Son of God was when he was on the earth? Yet 'he was tempted in all points like as we are.' Now the very fact that Christ was tempted is conclusive proof that even he was capable of sin. But it was his glory that, though tempted as we are, he was still without sin. He might have sinned, but did not; he could have sinned, but *would* not. I hope never to become a spiritual being, if, in becoming so, I am to lose the power, the very possibility of sinning, because with this must go my whole moral nature, all that gives dignity to my being, all that can impart worth to obedience, or make virtue even possible! A man who cannot sin can claim no higher merit for the noblest deed than a stone might claim for falling toward the centre of the

earth. Both act under an irresistible law, and could by no possibility act otherwise than they do.

"On our author's theory, I wish he would tell us why God gave us bodies at all, and why he placed us in this ungenerous and wicked world. All that is now necessary for our purity and peace seems to be to get fairly rid of this flesh and blood, and to leave a world that is full of temptations and miseries. Why, we ask again, did God do us so signal a disservice as to place us here and in these bodies? All our sins and sufferings come from this single source, and God, we must add, is, according to this philosophy, the sole cause of it!

"But the character of this exemption from sin is more remarkable, it seems to me, than even the manner in which it is wrought out. It is, so far as I can see, wholly negative. It consists in absolute repression and constraint. We are not to sin when we become spiritual beings, — that is, when we have laid aside these mortal bodies, — simply because we *cannot*; because there is no opportunity, no temptation, and no power to sin! Nowhere in all this dreary article on 'Death and Glory' is there a word that even hints the existence of any *moral* element, either in the agent that ushers us into another life, or in that life itself. A more ghastly picture of immortals in heaven, a more hopeless condition for such immortals to be placed in, was never contemplated by saint or sinner. It is a state of sinlessness and peace, we are told; but what a sinlessness and what a peace! Men are not to murder then, because immortal beings cannot be killed! They are not to commit adultery, because the sexes as such no longer exist. They will not steal, because there is nothing there they desire, or could use, if they had it. They will not be gluttons, because they have no stomachs, and, what is better still, there is nothing to eat. Nor is there the possibility of their becoming drunken, since they can have no appetite for drink, and, in the 'spirit sphere,' as our author expresses it, there is fortunately no 'grog'! Oh, blessed deliverance, transcendent redemption! In our author's 'celestial Eden' there is no opportunity to sin, and no inducement, and, least of all, no power on the part of the most obdurate to violate a single law of heaven. Death strips us at once and forever of all ability, and transports us to a realm where we could not sin if we would.

"I can think of but one place in this sinful and weary world

that could furnish even a poor resemblance of our author's heaven and, curiously enough, this is found in our modern *State Prison*! In this innocent and peaceful abode, we find men of various classes, all suddenly saved from sin, and secured from almost every form of transgression. In the outer world, they may have been guilty of many vices and crimes, but here they sin no more. Thanks to prison walls and guards and chains, the murderer finds no further opportunity to murder; the perjurer cannot here forswear himself; the thief cannot steal; the drunkard gets drunk no more, and all is quietness and peace. Happy retreat! Divine exemption from sin!

"I have dreamed, I confess, of a heaven somewhat different from that which our author has so vividly sketched. Sometimes there has risen before my mind a salvation less cheaply and less suddenly wrought out, but yet touched by a spiritual beauty that charms and inspires me.

"In this salvation Christ, and not death, is the divine agent. He attracts the eye of the sinner, and wins his heart. He calls to repentance, and kindles in the soul a flame of faith and love. Gradually he enlightens the understanding, gains a mastery over the passions, and purifies the affections. The whole character changes under his divine power.* There is no force, no constraint, but that of truth and love. The man was never so free before, — never in all his lawlessness and wayward self-direction, — for Christ has made him free. And thus he grows into the image of his Saviour. Old things pass away, and all things become new. Though still in the body, and in this world of temptation, he strives to live without sin; not because he *can* not, but because he *will* not sin. And he looks forward to the time when he shall have gained, the divine grace assisting him, a complete victory over himself and over the world, and the union between him and the Redeemer be complete."

RANDOM READINGS.

NEW YORK IN MIDSUMMER

Is not a bad place to come to if, after a swift run of an hour and a half in the Providence Railroad cars, you can step on board one of the fine new boats from Bristol, and be carried along quietly and safely by a power as of 2,800 horses to reach the great city soon after the break of day. We paid our fares both ways, and so we feel quite free to say that the magnificent steamers between Bristol and New York leave nothing to be desired; and if one must make the passage during the warm season, there can be no better way. There is no reason why a person of average nerves, or even of nerves beneath the average, should not sleep comfortably and leave his well-appointed stateroom ready for a good day's work. Happening a little while ago upon an ex-President of the Providence Railroad, as he was pacing up Park Street, in Boston, we understood him to say that the new steamers are just about the length of that street; if he was right in his pacing, the street and the steamer are just 373 feet in length, each.

Is it a cool day, or is New York a cooler city than Boston? Some of the residents assert that it has the advantage of us in this respect, spite of our east wind, so blessed during the summer days. Judging from the appearance of the congregation in one of the churches, and from the *outsides* of some of the houses, the people do not go into the country so early in the season as is the way with us in Boston; and really there would seem to be less need, for the upper part of New York is blessed with generous open spaces and wide streets, with greens in front and in the rear of the houses, whilst one may even hear in the morning the pleasant crowing of the cock blended with the low roll in the distance and the perpetual sound of the wheels of the omnibus and the horse-car. How pleasant to be carried back by these rural pipings to farm-yard and hillside! It is refreshing as you look at the poor, worn omnibus horse to set him back again in the

fields and the clean and, perhaps, almost grassy country road where the poor, weary life began so pleasantly, and first passed under the yoke. Possibly the poor creature will get out into the country again to stumble along the same roads, and be driven by women and children to the store, if there are any stores remaining, and to church, if, spite of the great spiritual revolution which is predicted for our community, the people are still to go to church.

The city wears an appearance of exceeding Sunday quietness, — outward only, say those who are not in favor of the Excise Laws, and who assert that they only drive intemperance into out-of-the-way places, and lead to the establishment of drinking clubs and a great deal of heavy imbibing in defiance of law and *because* it is a forbidden thing. The "Times" maintains that the worst places, and those which are likely to be most fatal to young men, are untouched, and that the chief result of the prohibition is to close the shutters and the front-doors of great saloons. So much, however, is a great deal better than nothing, and removes a temptation out of the way of the unguarded and weak. We must not be surprised when we find that outward means are only very partially serviceable, and that we do not get from law what can only come from culture and regeneration. Only God can bring a clean thing out of an unclean, and that only as he finds, what he is ever seeking, men and women to receive and give out the new life of Love. The most efficient work in this direction is done by such workers as the clergyman of whom we read this morning, who has held his ground down town whilst the congregations all about him have moved to the new part of the city. He said that he was much surprised to be addressed, the other day, as the only minister of the gospel in a district of 40,000 inhabitants. We presume that he did not mean the only Protestant minister, but the only minister of any sort. Surely, a state of things worth considering, emphasized by the sight of the Church of the Messiah, thronged aforetime by earnest worshippers and hearers of the Word, and now metamorphosed, with its wooden vestibule, into the New York Theatre. Not that a theatre is necessarily an evil place, or not evil only when it is opened for Sunday services, but that we should see whether the congregations go before or follow the churches in their removals. Of course if they become

shops and warehouses, occupied only for business, and that during the week, there is no need of a House of Prayer; but often the abandoned ground is taken possession of by the most abandoned of the community. The experiences of the clergyman just referred to are of the most encouraging sort, and may well be offset against the less cheering signs of the times.

Turning into the open door of Calvary Church for the afternoon service, at five o'clock, we found that the rector, an old classmate, had gone to Germany to spend a long summer's vacation. Two ministers were there in his stead, but they could not fill his place for me. There was no sermon, and the worship was not to our condition. The reading of the exhortation and prayers was very cold, and, as we have often found to be the case, it was impossible to keep up with the congregation in the reading of the Psalms. About fifty persons were scattered about the beautiful House of Prayer. On the whole, there seemed to be no breath of the present Spirit, and it did not appear why the priest should read and the people should hear even the beautiful story of Joseph that summer afternoon, when so many of God's children, who might have been reached and saved, perhaps, by the men and women, clerical and lay, assembled within those walls, were going the way of death in that city. At all events, one able-bodied man was sufficient to detail for that service of prayer. We were painfully reminded that we had once heard the good Rector, our classmate, reading prayers of a week-day with a half-score of men and women and a score or so of charity children, whose necessity it was to be present. Listening to and joining in the reading of the Psalms, we could understand why so many in the English Church prefer to have the service chanted. As it is often read, it might as well be in Latin or in Hebrew as in English; for how does it avail that it is in a language "understood of the people" if the words are read so fast that the understanding of the people cannot keep up with them? There is something a vast deal better than the services either of the Episcopal or of the Puritan churches, if one could only get to it, and sometimes the experience of another way makes one more content with his own way. More and more are we satisfied that sweet, simple, *understandible* singing should enter very largely into the worship of the church! It was so unspeakably refreshing on Sunday afternoon,

when the hard, unmeaning voice of the preacher came to a pause, and the choir struck into the Psalm, "Lord, be merciful unto us and bless us!" "They have had no sermon here, I suppose," said a venerable clergyman, as we came away from the church, adding, "That is better so, we have too much preaching; the service preaches well enough." Certainly the good man was not without reason for what he said, and yet what a magnificent instrumentality is the word with power, the word of faith which the true evangelist preaches!

For the first time, so it happened, we were inside of the Church of All Souls, and, as we have heard much fault found with it, we desire to say that, for our eyes, it is very beautiful and church-like and greatly in advance of the average of our houses of worship.

By way of change, after the English service, we took up the July "Radical" on returning to our hotel, and found abundant food for reflection, especially in Wasson's very thoughtful article upon modern speculative Radicalism. He is not one of the flippant folk who will resolve you a Revelation as easily as one might crack a filbert. He is not so jubilant as some are over the signs of the religious times. He sees that heretofore religious ideas have been strictly embodied in symbolic forms. He is not sure that we can live by our radicalism. He finds matter for serious reflection in what seems a decadent civilization. "The world," he says, "has seen its last Messiah." Yes, it is, indeed, a crisis that we have come to, if Christianity be not the law of an endless life. What comfort and mighty help in the persuasion that it is even that.

In sharp contrast with this calm and well-balanced word of Mr. Wasson, is the critique of E. C. T. upon "Ecce Deus." The author of "Ecce Deus" has found his match in one quality at least. It would be matter for thankfulness if the two would go aside and have it out together.

E.

NEW YORK, July 15, 1867.

WORK.

I HAVE seen and heard of people who thought it beneath them to work, — to employ themselves industriously in some useful labor. Beneath them to work? Why, work is the great motto of life; and he who accomplishes the most by his industry is the most truly great man. Ay, and is the most distinguished man among his fellows, too. And the woman or man who so far forgets his duty to himself, his fellow-creatures, and his God, — who so far forgets the great business of life as to allow his energies to stagnate in inactivity and uselessness, had better die; for, says Holy Writ, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat. An idler is a cumberer of the ground, — a weariness and curse to himself, as well as to those around him." Beneath a human being to work? Why, what but the continued industry that brings forth the improvement that never allows man to be contented with any attainment he may have made, or any work he may have effected, — what but this raises man above the brute creation, and, under Providence, surrounds him with comforts, luxuries, refinements, and physical, moral, and intellectual blessings?

The great Orator, the great Poet, and the great Scholar are great working-men. Their vocation is infinitely more laborious than that of any handicraftsman. And the student's life has more anxiety and wearisome toil than that of any other man. And without the perseverance, the attention of real industry, he never can succeed. Hence the number of mere pretenders to scholarship, of those that have not the strength and industry to be real scholars, but stop half-way, and are mere smatterers, a shame to the profession. Beneath human beings to work? Look in the artist's studio, the poet's garret, where the genius of Immortality stands ready to seal his works with her uneffaceable signet, and then you will see Industry standing by her side. Beneath human beings to work? Why, I had rather a child of mine should labor regularly, at the lowest and meanest employment, than waste its time, its body, mind, and soul in folly, idleness, and uselessness. Better to wear out in a year than rust out in a century. Beneath human beings to work? What but *work* has tilled our fields, clothed our bodies, built our houses, raised our churches, printed our books, cultivated our minds and souls! "*Work* out your own salvation," says the inspired apostle to the Gentiles. J. R.

A CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

ONCE more the light of day I see ;
Lord, with it let me raise
My heart and voice in song to thee
Of gratitude and praise.

The " busy bee " ere this hath gone
O'er many a bud and bell,
From flower to flower is humming on,
To store its waxen cell.

Oh, may I, like the bee, still strive
Each moment to employ,
And store my mind, that richer hive,
With sweets that cannot cloy.

The skylark from its lowly nest
Hath soared into the sky,
And by its joyous song expressed
Unconscious praise on high.

My feeble voice and faltering tone
No tuneful tribute bring ;
But thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.

Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To thee in praise and prayer ;
And love and gratitude impart
For every good I share.

Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe thee day by day ;
Nor e'er at night or morn forget
To thee, O God, to pray !

THE INVALID BOY.

IN one of the small farming towns in New Hampshire, lived Mr. B——, whose neat little homestead was made very happy by the active exertions of his pleasant wife and industrious children.

Mr. B—— was situated like many other farmers in the Granite State; his wealth consisted less in land and money than in able hands and willing hearts to make the best of all that had been bestowed upon them, and to exercise to the utmost the powers with which they had been blessed.

But at length disease entered a dwelling which had long been the abode of gladsome health.

Little John, a sprightly boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, was confined to a bed of sickness. His fond mother watched over him with untiring patience, his brothers and sisters came to his darkened room with countenances expressive of love and sorrow, and his father prayed that, if it were the will of God, this son might still be spared to him.

In time John began to recover; the weary pain left his limbs, and the fever passed from his veins. They let the bright sunshine enter his room, and the soft, fresh breezes came to his pallid brow. All around him exerted themselves to make the long tedious hours of convalescence pass pleasantly away. They told him stories and sung to him songs; they tempted his appetite with choice fruits, and unusual dainties, and John bore his confinement with inconceivable patience. Days and weeks and months passed by, and the boy had not left his room, or even his bed, for any considerable length of time. The pain and distress of sickness had gone, but the glow of health had not come, and the strength and buoyancy of youth seemed to have departed to return no more. It was so. Those who were about him sorrowed and wondered, but the months lengthened into years, and year after year went by, and John was still an invalid. The active sports of childhood he never shared again; the pleasures of youth he never knew; the joys and labors and duties of manhood were not for him. Time lingered listlessly around him, bringing no bloom or buoyancy to his shrunken frame, till he marked, with his silvery signet, the dark locks of him who was neither child nor youth nor

man. At length death came, and took the useless cumberer from those who had toiled and mourned for him, and through wearisome years watched over him.

When John B—— found that he was about to die, he confided a secret to one who had been a playfellow in his boyhood, and who had never forgotten him in his years of trial. He told him that when his disease first left him, and he found himself recovering, surrounded by all those enjoyments which his friends had endeavored to concentrate in his sick-room, the thought came to him that this was much pleasanter than to be entirely well and strong, and to be able and obliged to labor as his father and brothers were doing, and as he would be made to do, when he was able; so he concluded that he would pretend to be sick awhile longer, and thus evade the share of toil that would be meted out to him. Perhaps it seemed very pleasant at first to lie at ease upon the clean, soft pillow which his mother had arranged, while others were doing, not only his share of the labors of the farm, but also performing the extra toils which he occasioned.

"My father will make me work when I get well," said John to himself, "and I will not get well in a hurry; there will be corn to hoe, and potatoes to dig, and fruit to pick, and vegetables to take care of, and cattle to attend to, and wood to cut, but I will get rid of it all for this season at least."

John should have welcomed the health and strength which God sent him, after the sickness which must have taught him their value; he should have rejoiced that his limbs were to be strung anew, and fresh blood to dance through his veins. He should have been glad that vigor was coming, which might enable him to share the toils of those who had labored so kindly for him. But a heavy punishment followed the sin of ingratitude to God and man, and he who turned his face so wickedly from the sweet spirit of Health was forbidden to look upon her again. In the long joyless years which followed, let us hope that there were strivings for a vigor of soul, which might enable him to commence a better life, when taken from earth, than the wasted years which were allotted him here.

This is no tale of fiction; I have seen the humble home where more than thirty years were passed by John B—— upon his bed. They have laid his body in the village burial-ground; but, if a

stone marks the spot, it bears no record of well-spent life or worthy actions done. There is a sad and useful moral to be drawn from the story of his life; but my little readers need not that I should tell them what it is; and may it never be forgotten.

H. F.

HYMN FOR AN INSTRUCTOR IN A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

FATHER in heaven! thy wondrous power
Led us through childhood's dawning ray,
Upheld us still through every hour,
And brought us to maturer day.

When gently gliding o'er life's wave,
Thy smile has holy love revealed;
And when no earthly art could save,
Thy arm of power has been our shield.

A heavenly step has stilled the sea;
A voice has whispered, "Peace, be still!"
A star on high has shown us thee,
And cast rich splendor on thy will!

Grateful for this protecting grace,
We lead these children to thy throne:
Oh! may they there thy mercy trace,
And thy presiding presence own!

For Jesus' sake, we ask thine aid, —
Sanction the hope his words have given, —
"Forbid them not to come," he said,
"For such are they who dwell in heaven."

Oh! bless these yet unsullied flowers!
Let life's rude tempests pass them by;
O'erarch them with religion's sky!
Beam on them through their earthly hours,
Then, fairer may they bloom on high!

THE QUAKER DOG.

I WISH I could give this incident to the readers of the "Religious Monthly" in the interesting form in which it was narrated to me by one who was formerly a member of the Society of Friends; but, even in the imperfect way in which I can tell it, it seems too good to be withheld from the public.

Quite a number of the adherents of George Fox formerly settled in South Carolina; but as they were opposed to slavery, and on this account came in conflict with their neighbors, they gradually emigrated to other States. Thus a Quaker community, which once filled the hard benches of a little log meeting-house, at length became so reduced that only one member, an old man, remained. As the religious services of the Quakers consist mainly of meditation and silent, spiritual communion with God, and require no minister, he still went every first day of the week, accompanied by his dog, took his customary seat, sought God in silent prayer, and held communion with Christ and saintly souls. But presently he died. The old meeting-house was left without a human worshipper. But, punctually, on the customary day and hour, the dog took the path that the steps of his master had halloed, and spent the usual time lying beneath the bench where he had sat. A stranger comes into the place and notices this peculiar habit. He makes inquiries, learns the story of the dog, of his master, and of the community to which he had belonged. What is this Quaker religion, he asks, for the sake of which men abandon their homes, and in which a solitary man, in spite of opposing social influences, perseveres? He continues his investigations, sends for books, becomes a Quaker himself, leads others to the same form of Christian faith and worship, and re-establishes the meeting in the deserted building.

Does this story need a moral? If a dog, obeying the impulse of habit and canine affection, can do so much by being true to his nature, how much more can a child, gifted with reason and conscience, accomplish, if he chooses to become a force for good in the world; if he gives his voice and hand always for what is true and right, and makes fidelity to good principles the governing law of life.

C. S. LOCKE.

PATIENCE.

THIS quiet, gentle, unpretending virtue is too little thought of; but without it there is no successful teaching, there is no true learning. The teacher and the pupil must be both patient. The great Newton says, "Whatever I have done is due to *patient* thought." "Patient thought," — how much may be learned by patient thought, and how much may be taught by patient love!

Patience is calmness, is the opposite of haste; it is to the virtues what time is to music. There can be no true harmony in our hearts, in our actions, without patience. Without patience we are not ourselves. Jesus says to his disciples, when he warns them of the trials and persecutions that they will meet with, "In your patience possess ye your souls." Patience leads to endurance; it is the soul of perseverance. Nothing truly great can be accomplished without it. Most especially is this virtue essential to him or her who teaches others. Patient love in the teacher, patient thought in the learner, — these are equally necessary. Newton was a true learner, and God's glorious world was his silent, but eloquent teacher. In this great school in which we are all placed, and in which the oldest and the youngest are equally children, with what patient love are we instructed in our duty! How are our offences forgiven us! how often and how tenderly are the same admonitions, the same lessons of wisdom, repeated to us! how at one time are we gently rebuked, then severely chastised, for our faults! and yet, in spite of our demerits, how constantly are we blessed, how continually constrained, as it were, to our duty by unmeasured and undeserved benefits! Patient love, then, is the great lesson to teachers which the whole providence of God is ever repeating to them.

Let us look at the life of the Great Teacher. It was one continued lesson of patience. From the beginning to the end of his ministry, we hear him repeating over and over again to his disciples the same great truths, and apparently in vain. He was ever obstructed by the same ignorance, opposed by the same prejudices, the same selfishness; yet he never lost his patience, but still calmly and serenely and lovingly called upon all men to hear and believe his words. He sowed the seeds of immortal truth in faith, and he waited for the fruit in patient love. Jesus gave "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" he assembled around him a

little band of friends whom he especially instructed, and who had the fairest opportunity of understanding the purposes and entering into the spirit of his mission, yet they did not comprehend him. But his patience with them never failed. One denied him, many forsook him, another gave him up to be murdered; but his patient love was greater than their ingratitude. He washed the feet of him who he knew was to betray him; he only looked with reproofing love at Peter. Patience, then, undying patience, is taught us in the whole life of Jesus.

Be patient, then, is the lesson for all, but most peculiarly for those who have taken upon themselves the great work of instruction. Wait patiently, and you may yet see the reward of your efforts; but if you do not yourself see it, what matter is it, if a good work is done? Who is there that has arrived at maturity who does not remember when he was a child some little word, some simple deed of love, that sank down into his heart of hearts, and took root there, and became a living principle, bearing fair flowers and good fruits; yet perhaps the earnest heart that did this good work for him never knew that its efforts were not in vain, and the voice that uttered those deathless words is now a forgotten sound. Remember you work not for the present; you labor in the early spring-time of the lives of your pupils. In some few of their minds perhaps some sweet early blossoms may suddenly start up, but the richest and most precious flowers and fruits come not so soon. The early and the latter rain must nourish them, and mayhap cold winds must assail them, and rude tempests prove them, ere they will perfectly ripen, and it may be that you will never know how hardy they are till you see them blessing the autumn and winter of life. Work, then, and faint not; wait in patience. Do all you can, speak out of your full heart all the great truths that life and the works and word of God have taught you, to the children under your care, and then be as patient with them as God has been with you. Be as patient as Jesus was with his disciples. No good thing is ever lost, no true word is ever spoken in vain. Speak the true thought that is in you, do the work your hands find to do, but look not to see with your own eyes, or reap with your own hands, the fruit of your labor.

We have spoken a few words of the importance of patient love in the teacher; another time we will speak of the duty of patient thought in the learner.

E. L. F.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Romance of the Republic, by L. MARIA CHILD, is just published by Ticknor & Fields. Two quadroon girls who were born and educated in slavery are the heroines of the story. It opens with a description of the home in New Orleans, in which we are introduced to the two girls and their parents, the father being a merchant of the city. The quadroon mother is dead. She was fondly loved by her *quasi* husband, though legally his slave and excluded from fashionable society. It is a kind of relation well known to exist in the South-western States, and the novel depicts in most vivid but faithful colors this phase of Southern life and manners. The scene shifts from the South to Europe, thence to New England, and a great variety of characters is introduced. The surprises and miraculous coincidences which make up the machinery of the drama are improbable to the last degree, while the main substance of the story makes a true and living portraiture of life and manners and of cruel wrongs growing out of the relations of slavery. The book contains some of the most vivid word-painting that we have ever met with, and the interest of the story chains the reader from the start. It is destined inevitably to a wide circulation.

Why publish a book on the evils of slavery after slavery is dead? Answer: because the prejudices of race and color are not dead, and will not be during this generation. But no book ever was written which deals against them such destructive blows as this of Mrs. Child. The folly, the cruelty, the self-destructive and ludicrous inconsistencies of these prejudices, are shown up in all conceivable ways, and the book preaches a living gospel of broad and tender humanity. s.

Stories and Sketches, by our best Authors, is a collection of novelettes, fourteen in number, handsomely printed and bound. The selections are well made, and have an agreeable range and variety. Some of them appear to be republications, but they will be fresh and new to most readers. They are published by Lee & Shepard. s.

The Little Helper, by LAVINIA S. GOODWIN, published by Lee & Shepard, is the memoir of a sweet little girl by the name of Florence Annie Caswell, who lived and died in Natick. She was eleven years old when she died, and the memoir tells the story of her brief but beautiful life. It is a good book for the children to read. Memoirs are better than novels for Sunday-school reading, and though orthodox in its tone, we commend this little book as giving a bright example of childlike goodness and piety. s.

Diamond editions of *Dombey and Son* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* have come forth from the publishing house of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields in due order during our short summer, and they are beautiful specimens of liliputian books. Appended to the latter are some of Dickens' fugitive or minor pieces, which will be recognized with great satisfaction. In all the editions that we have seen of this novelist, the illustrations are — at least, so it seems to us — closely bordering upon caricatures, which indeed is too much the case with the character of the stories. Nevertheless, we cannot drop the books, but read on and look on from page to page and from picture to picture. E.

Curious Myths of the Middle Ages, by S. BARING GOULD, is a curious book published by Roberts Brothers. It goes into the history and substance of divers wild traditions partly believed in both by the learned and the people, — The Wandering Jew, Prestor John, The Divining Rod, The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, William Tell, The Dog Gellert, Tailed Men, The Man in the Moon, The Terrestrial Paradise, and some others. The boys will be sorry to learn that William Tell is a myth, and grown people will be sorry to learn that many other things which they thought to be history vanish into the clouds and beyond them. The book is very readable and very amusing. The superstition of the Divining Rod, we believe, is not exploded yet, even in New England. s.

Orville College, by MRS. HENRY WOOD, is a novel in paper covers, published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia. Mrs. Wood is the author of "East Lynne" and many other works well known to the readers of romance literature. Mrs. Wood writes this story especially for young persons, to give them lessons of unselfish love.

The Dissertations and Discussions of JOHN STUART MILL are published by Wm. V. Spencer. The fourth volume of 460 pages has just appeared. It contains the articles written by the author during our late struggle, and the clearness with which he saw the entire nature of the struggle and the accuracy with which he predicted its final issue are very wonderful. His sympathies were always on the right side. This volume also contains some of the most elaborate of Mr. Mill's philosophical articles. The one on Grote's Plato comprises one hundred pages. The volume closes with the Inaugural Address to the University of St. Andrews. Mr. Mill's philosophy we hold to be utterly worthless, and leading hopelessly into the slough of Materialism; but his humanity is broad and genial, and his style is a constant delightful river of English pure and undefiled. His criticisms of Sir W. Hamilton and Mr. Mansel are keen as a razor, and cut up into shreds their long, wordy rigmarole of nonsense, which imposed even upon Herbert Spencer and befogged him. Would that some critic might render the same kind office to Mr. Mill for the sake both of true religion and philosophy. Mr. Spencer deserves the thanks of the reading public for these handsome volumes. No thinker can afford to be without John Stuart Mill.

s.

Little Brother and other Genre-Stories. By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1867.

The pictures are lively, but the colors are rather flaming, and some of the persons depicted decidedly vulgar or thoroughly commonplace, and yet there are wholesome truths and healthy utterances of feeling scattered up and down the pages.

Dickens' Works are in course of publication by Ticknor & Fields. *The Pickwick Papers*, copiously illustrated, make a handsomely bound volume full of humor, capital reading for the dog-days. The print is clear and larger than that of the Diamond Edition, though not large enough for poor eyes. It is a portable volume to travel with and the best you can take to fill up the gaps of journeys and banish all weariness away. It is in the form first chosen by the great novelist himself, hence named by the publishers the "Charles Dickens" edition. The illustrations are also the same, and the humor, drollery, and provocatives to laughter found in the text are all embodied in the pictures.

Deus Homo, by PROFESSOR PARSONS, both for the weight of its matter and the ability with which it is handled, and for the transcendent importance of its theme, should have more than a passing notice. Not only the subject of the Divine Incarnation, but other subjects related to it and serving for its elucidation are here explored, — Freedom, Prayer, the Spiritual World, the Miracles, the Parables, Baptism, the Supper, the Apostles, the closing scenes in the life of our Lord, the Divine and the Human, the Divine-Human. The work is written entirely from the Swedenborgian point of view, and does not follow at all in the course of "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus," and is not an answer to either of those books. It is very rich in matter and suggestion, and is written in Professor Parsons' simple and lucid style. We hope to bring out some of its topics in our pages. S.

Romance of the Republic. By L. MARIA CHILD. Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

The story is told with tenderness and grace; but even Mrs. Child's sweet spirit and fascinating style can hardly make it interesting. It belongs too much to the past, not the very remote past which engages us because of its great antiquity, but the near past which to-day has supplanted. The sorrows of that unhappy race whose wrongs have been so fearfully avenged are not indeed ended, but they are not the sorrows which the "Romance" describes. Thank God! there are no manumission papers to be forgotten or withheld any more, and though it may be hard for the freedman to tread the streets which were once trodden by his servile feet, there is no need of stealing away by night from creditors who are waiting to attach human beings for the debts of those who claim ownership in them. E.